

New York City Crystal Palace - 1854

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How to see the new Crystal Palace.

HOW TO SEE

The New York Crystal Palace:

BEING

A CONCISE GUIDE

TO THE

PRINCIPAL OBJECTS IN THE EXHIBITION

AS REMODELLED, 1854.

~~~~~  
Part First.

GENERAL VIEW.—SCULPTURE.—PAINTINGS.  
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NEW YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM & CO., 10 PARK PLACE.
JUNE, 1854.

BILLIN & BROTHERS, PRINTERS, 20 NORTH WILLIAM STREET.

C O N T E N T S.

<u>DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING,</u>	<u>5</u>
<u>GUIDE,</u>	<u>9</u>
<u>CATALOGUE OF PICTURES,</u>	<u>31</u>
<u>INAUGURATION SPEECHES, ETC.</u>	<u>51</u>

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1859. April 14

Gift of

George Lyman Locke
of Cambridge.

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P R E F A C E.

IN the following Catalogue the Sculpture and Paintings are given by themselves. The second part, which will contain a full list of the machinery and a general guide to the miscellaneous department, will be published together.

The best way to see the statuary is in the order followed in the Catalogue. But if the visitor should prefer to unite the examination of the Courts with that of the Naves, he can easily do so by turning to p. 21, et seq., and taking the Courts in their numerical order. Let him, however, by all means reserve to the last, the visit to Thorwaldsen's group.

The daily arrival of new contributions may possibly have caused some omissions, which will be supplied in a supplement to the second part.

NEW YORK, *June 13, 1854.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

THE following concise and graphic description of the building is copied from the first number of the "Illustrated Record of the Exhibition," published by Messrs. Goo. P. Putnam & Co.:

Reservoir Square, on which the building of the New-York Industrial Exhibition is erected, lies in the north-western part of the city, four miles distant from the Battery, and three and a quarter from the City Hall, between the Sixth Avenue and the Croton Distributing Reservoir, whose massive walls overshadow its eastern side. The distance from the Reservoir to the Avenue is 445 feet; and the width from Fortieth-street in the south, to Forty-second street, its northern limit, is 455 feet. This space is almost entirely occupied by the building. The shape of the ground is unfavorable for architectural purposes; and, aside from the facilities of access afforded by the Avenue railways and numerous lines of stages, there is nothing to recommend this locality, while the solid and imposing strength of the Reservoir presents an inharmonious contrast with that light and graceful structure which we now proceed to describe.

The appearance of the building, and the materials employed to construct it, show its relationship to the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park. Like that, its framework is a system of iron columns and girders; glass excludes the dull and heavy walls of masonry used in ordinary structures, and, with the slender proportions of the framing, gives the edifice the light and airy appearance so well expressed by its popular name. The resemblance which we have spoken of is only a general one; the ground plan, the relative proportion of each of the materials employed, and the details of construction, are quite different from its English prototype, and give it an architectural effect and character of its own.

The general idea of the New-York building is a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection. The length of each diameter of the cross is 365 feet and 5 inches, and the width of the arms is 149 feet and 5 inches. This does not include the three entrance halls, projecting towards Sixth Avenue, Fortieth, and Forty-second streets, which are each 27 feet wide, and approached by flights of steps. By referring to the engravings [on pages 22 and 23 of this catalogue], it will be seen that, although the edifice is cruciform, the outline of the ground plan is nearly a regular octagon, whose diameter is the same as that of the arms of the cross. This form has been given to it by ingeniously filling up the triangular intervals between the arms of the cross with a lean-to of only one story, or twenty-four feet in height. The adoption of this device was necessary in order to provide space for the exhibition; it being impossible within the narrow limits of the site to enlarge the dimensions of the cross in the usual way; and while this substantial advantage is gained, it is productive of only a slight architectural defect in diminishing the prospective of the interior.

The arrangement of the columns is represented upon the diagrams. It will be seen that they divide the interior into two principal avenues or naves, each 41 feet and 5 inches wide, with aisles 54 feet wide upon either side. The intersection of the naves leaves in the centre a free octagonal space 100 feet in diameter. The columns still further subdivide the aisles and the triangular intervals between the arms of the cross, into square and half-square compart-

ments of 27 feet on the side. The aisles are covered with galleries of their own width, and they are united to each other by broad connections at the extremities of the naves. The naves are carried above the roofs of the galleries to admit light, and are spanned by 16 semicircular arches of cast-iron, which are 40 feet and 9 inches in diameter, and placed at a distance of 27 feet from each other.

The number of cast-iron columns upon the ground floor is 190. They are 21 feet high above the floor, octagonal, and 8 inches in diameter; the thickness of the sides varies from half an inch to one inch. The cast-iron girders, 3 feet wide, of which the longest are 26 feet and 4 inches, and those of wrought iron, 40 feet and 9 inches long, are indicated by the dotted lines. The first tier of girders sustain the floors of the galleries, and brace the structure in all directions. They are united to the columns by connecting pieces 3 feet 4 inches high, which have the same octagonal shape as the columns, and flanges and lugs to be bolted together. The number of girders in the first tier is 252. The second story contains 148 columns 17 feet and 7 inches high, which rest on those below them, and have the same shape. They receive a second series of girders numbering 160, which support the roofs of the aisles. They also receive the semicircular arches of the naves. All the roofs are supported upon arches or upon girders, by means of wrought-iron inverted trusses, which receive the angle iron purlins of the rafters; the latter are made of strips of wood inclosed between iron sides. The roofs are uniformly constructed of boards, matched together and covered with tin.

The dome, noble and beautiful in its proportions, is the chief architectural feature of the building. Its diameter is 100 feet, and its height to the springing line is nearly 70 feet, and to the crown of the arch 123 feet. It is the largest, as well as almost the only dome hitherto erected in the United States. To our untravelled countrymen it may be an instructive example of the beauty and fine architectural effect of which this structure is capable, although its dimensions are trivial when compared with the majestic domes of the Pantheon or St. Peter's, or those other wonderful erections of classic and mediæval times when architecture was a passion, and united with religious enthusiasm to produce the triumphs of the Art. We have given upon a separate page, as a frontispiece of this number, an architectural section of the dome, which will give our readers a better idea of its structure than any description can do. A perspective view of the interior, which was promised by the architects for this number, will be published as soon as it is ready. The dome is supported by 24 columns, which rise beyond the second story, and to a height of 62 feet above the principal floor. The system of wrought-iron trusses which connects them together at the top, and is supported by them, forms two concentric polygons, each of 16 sides. They receive a cast-iron bed-plate, to which the cast-iron shoes for the ribs of the dome are bolted. The latter are 32 in number. They are constructed of two curves of double angle-iron, securely connected together by trellis-work. The requisite steadiness is secured by tie-rods, which brace them both vertically and horizontally. At the top, the ribs are bolted to a horizontal ring of wrought and cast-iron, which has a diameter of 20 feet in the clear, and is surmounted by the lantern. As in the other roofs of the building, the dome is cased with match deal and tin sheathing. Light is communicated to the interior through the lantern, and also in part from the sides, which are pierced for thirty-two ornamental windows. These are glazed with stained glass, representing the arms of the Union and of its several States, and form no inconsiderable part of the interior decoration.

The external walls of the building are constructed of cast-iron framing and panel-work, into which are inserted the sashes of the windows and the louvers

for ventilation. The glass is one-eighth of an inch thick, and was manufactured at the Jackson Glass Works, N. Y., and afterwards enamelled by Cooper & Belcher, of Camptown, N. J. The enamel, with which the whole of it is covered, is laid upon the glass with a brush, and after drying, is subjected to the intense heat of a kiln, by which the coating is vitrified, and rendered as durable as the glass itself. It produces an effect similar to that of ground glass, being translucent, but not transparent. The sun's rays, diffused by passing through it, yield an agreeable light, and are deprived of that intensity of heat and glare which belongs to them in this climate. In the absence of a similar precaution in the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, whose roofs, as well as walls, were inclosed with transparent glass, it was found necessary to cover the interior of the building with canvas, to produce the required shade.

At each angle of the building there is an octagonal tower, 8 feet in diameter and 76 feet in height. These contain winding stairways, which lead to the galleries and roofs, and are intended for the use of the officers and employees of the Association. Twelve broad staircases, one on either side of each entrance, and four beneath the dome, connect the principal floor with the gallery. The latter are circular in part, and consists of two flights of steps, with two landing-places. The flooring of the galleries is made of closely-matched planks, while those forming the floor of the first story are separated by narrow intervals, in the same manner and for the same purpose as in the London building. Over each of the principal entrance halls, the galleries open upon balconies, which afford ample space for placing flowers, vases, and statues for decoration. Above the balconies, the ends of the naves are adorned with large fan-lights, corresponding to the semicircular arches within. On each side of the entrances there are ticket offices, and adjacent to them rooms are provided for the officers of the Association, telegraph, &c.

The rapid and unexpected increase of the applications of exhibitors, induced the Association to erect a large addition to the building already described. It consists of two parts, of one and two stories respectively, and occupies the entire space between the main building and the Reservoir. Its length is 451 feet and 5 inches, and its extreme width is 75 feet. It is designed for the reception of machinery in motion, the cabinets of mining and mineralogy, and the refreshment rooms with their necessary offices. The second story, which is nearly 450 feet long, 21 feet wide, and extends the whole length, is entirely devoted to the exhibition of pictures and statuary. It is lighted from a skylight, 419 feet long, and 8 feet and 6 inches wide.

The DECORATIONS of the building have been intrusted to HENRY GREENOUGH, Esq., of Cambridge, brother of the lamented sculptor of the same name. Mr. Greenough has made Art his study, and in its pursuit has resided long in Italy. As he has promised to unfold the general principles and detail of his present work in an essay, to be published in an early number of the RECORD, we will state at present only a few facts.

The leading idea in the plan of decoration has been to bring out the beautiful construction of the building—to decorate construction rather than to construct decoration. To do this, and at the same time to preserve a general harmony of effect, has given Mr. Greenough ample opportunity to display his knowledge of the resources of his art. The result is surprisingly beautiful.

The decoration was commenced only on the 27th of April, but as soon as the progress of the construction would permit. The colors employed on the exterior and interior are mixed in oil, the base being the white lead manufactured by the Belleville Co. The exterior presents the appearance of a building constructed of a light-colored bronze, of which all features purely ornamental are of gold.

HOW TO SEE THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

GENERAL VIEW.

THOSE who wish to start with the most striking view of the interior should enter from the Sixth Avenue, and pause awhile to study it from this Entrance. point. The eye, running along a line of statuary, rests upon the circular group beneath the dome, embracing in its glance full half the dome itself, Dome. from the spring of the arch. The colossal figure, upon the further extremity of the fountain, is the *Genius of America*; and if the spectator will Genius of America. remember that the arm of the cross, along which he is looking, extends as far on the opposite side of the dome as on that on which he stands, and that two other arms of equal length intersect it in the centre, he will form some idea of the size of the building. These arms are called the naves, and that by which you enter is the west nave. Naves. The openings on each side are courts, a hundred Courts. and sixteen in all, or twenty-nine for each of the four divisions. The flags in the naves are of the Flags. different nations which have contributed to the Exhibition, and in the original plan served as guides to their respective courts. Pause here for a while, and study this first view carefully; for there is no place

on this side of the Atlantic from which you can form so good an idea of the natural alliance of sculpture and architecture.

SCULPTURE.

[Begin at Sixth Avenue Entrance.]

West Nave. We now begin our examination with the sculpture, much of which will repay a careful study ; and starting from the entrance, the first object on your right is a head of *Heloise*, by a Florentine sculptor, Vasse, a good piece of marble work, and a pretty face, but which, like all the ideal heads of second-rate artists, would answer just as well for a *Laura*, or *Beatrice*, or *Erminia*, as for the heroine of the strangest of true-love stories. Then comes a full-length undraped figure, in marble, called *Truth*, by Cambi, another Florentine. You may safely pass it by. The reduced copy of the *Amazon*, which follows next in order, will give you a good opportunity of studying in detail this remarkable group, of which we shall speak more fully when we reach the larger work. Study the next figure carefully : it is the *Faith* of the greatest of modern Florentine sculptors, Bartolini, a man of rare genius, misled by a false theory, but who has left many works of a very high order. The attitude, expression, and, what he most prided himself upon, the nature of this beautiful figure, have made it a universal favorite with all the lovers of genuine art. The copy before you is from the chisel of Baratta.

Bartolini's Faith.

Shipwrecked mother and child. The next, a group in plaster, is a fine specimen of the French school—the dead body of a mother, cast apparently on the shore by the waves, with a vulture grasping in its talons the living infant that vainly clings to her for protection. Auguste Lechesne, of Paris, is the author.

Bust of Cerito. The bust of *Cerito* gives a very different idea of

the celebrated dancer from that which you form of her on the stage. But the next bust, *Lamartine*, Bust of Lamartine. by Count D'Orsay, is full of life, though strongly tinged with the exaggeration from which neither the subject nor the artist is ever altogether free.

Among the minor pieces that follow the last, are two small figures by Croff—one, a boy riding on a crawfish ; and the other, a twin figure mounted on a tortoise. The marble copy of the *Flora* of the Capitol deserves attention, as a remarkable study of drapery ; and the line closes with *Winter*, under the figure of a boy wrapped in a thick mantle and leaning on a club, a beautiful statuette by Wolff, a Prussian artist of the school of Thorwaldsen. Boys, by Croff. Wolff's Winter.

You cannot but pause a moment to take a closer view of the dome, and the beautiful circle of statuary beneath it ; but instead of stopping to examine it now, retrace your steps towards the entrance, and follow down the west nave from the left. Glance at the central group.

Here again we start with an ideal head by Vasse, to which he has given the name of *Cleópatra* ; then comes a very indifferent group, of *Charity*, a woman with an ugly child in her lap, by Bandel, a German ; then a group of eagles, in bronze, well worthy of attention, by a Parisian artist, Aubanel. Remember, too, that this is a style of art in which the French have long been pre-eminent. Cleopatra. Charity. The Eagles.

The colossal bust which follows is the work of San Giorgio, an Italian, and represents to the life the features of a great poet, *Vincenzo Monti*, who died in 1828. Foscolo, who admired and hated him, wrote beneath his portrait : Bust of Monti.

“Questi è Monti, poeta e cavaliero,”
Gran traduttor de' traduttori d' Omero.”

And Manzoni, who might have been his rival, if he had not rather chosen to be his friend, recorded

his feelings in one of the finest epitaphs ever written :

“Salve, o grande, cui largi natura,
Il cor di Dante e del suo Duca il canto !
Questo fia il girdo dell' età futura,
Ma l' età, che fu tua, tel dice in pianto.”

Warwick
Vase.

The copy of the *Warwick Vase*, a celebrated antique, is by N. Marchetti. It stands on a richly sculptured pedestal, and gives a correct idea of one of the most graceful forms of ancient art.

Bust of Pius
IX.

Marochetti's
Washington
reduced.
Flora.

The bust of *Pio Nono*, by Tennerani, is a fair specimen of the ordinary style of busts. The reduced cast of Marochetti's *Washington* is better than the colossal statue. The *Flora* is a duplicate of the one we have already seen ; and the last figure, a graceful statuette by Wolff, is registered as a *Minerva*, though the type and part of the attributes are those of *Diana*.

Minerva.

SOUTH NAVE.

We now leave the west nave, and passing by the pieces that belong to the outer circle of the centre, turn into the south nave. The first object on your right, as you enter it from the circle under the dome, is a very bad bust of *Dante*.

Bust of Dante.

The next is a specimen bust of American art and American casting—the *Sentinel*, a dog, in bronze, by T. Hoppin, of Providence, R. I. There is much life and truth in this spirited piece, though the legs are too stiff, and the tail was evidently never meant to wag.

The Sentinel.

Two boys
sleeping.

A marble group of *Sleeping Children*, by Geeffs, a Belgian artist, which follows next in order, will please you as a truthful representation of nature, though neither remarkable for invention nor finish.

The next group, small as it is, will well repay a careful examination, for it gives as accurate an idea

as a reduced copy can, of Gian di Bologna's celebrated group of the *Rape of the Sabines*, which forms ^{Rape of the Sabines.} one of the chief ornaments of the "Loggia de' Lanzi," in Florence. Biename's *Innocence* you will meet again in the Rotunda, under the name of *Psyche*.

The statuette which you see under a glass case, is a portrait statue of *Dargan*, the patron of the ^{Statuette of Dargan.} Dublin Exhibition of 1853, by J. E. Jones, of London. Two indifferent busts, *Moore* and *Cath. Hayes*, ^{Busts of Moore and Catharine Hayes.} come next; then a very bad head, by Baratta, called *Victory*, and then, as if to relieve the eye, ^{Victory.} an admirable specimen of bronze casting, in Bayley's *Eve*, from the celebrated foundry of Geiss, of ^{Eve in bronze.} Berlin. An *Amazon*, a head from the antique, by Baratta, closes the line; and postponing our examination of the objects in the centre, we cross over to the opposite side, and begin our walk down the nave towards the dome.

The *Hunter Reposing*, a nude figure in plaster, ^{Hunter reposing.} by Farrel of Dublin, would suit any other name as well. The *Tamburina*, by Marshall, of London, is ^{Tamburina.} a graceful female figure in plaster, draped below the waist; and which leaves you very little inclination to look long at Nannetti's group of the *Virgin and Child*.

Grace seems to be the characteristic of Marshall's figures, for it is equally prominent in his next work, *Sabrina*. The nymph is seated with her right ^{Sabrina.} hand and head raised, in the act of listening, as if the first words of the invocation had just struck her ear:

"Listen, Sabrina, fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting,
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen, for dear honor's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save."

Mother and
child.

A plaster group of a *Mother and Child* stands next, and will not keep you long from another fine specimen of Geiss' casting—the spirited group of a

Shepherd and
Lioness.

Shepherd attacked by a Lioness.

Ives's
Ariadne.

The last work on this side is a head of *Ariadne*, by Ives, an American artist of much merit. We have already said that these ideal heads generally answer as well to one name as to another; and *Ariadne*, though a beautiful face, beautifully chiselled, is no exception to the rule.

Centre of
south nave.

We must now retrace our steps towards the entrance of the south nave, in order to follow up the objects in the centre. At the very bottom is a

Draped Venus.

draped *Venus*, in plaster, exhibited by G. Nannetti,

Diana robing.

who contributed the next figure also, *Diana Robing.*

Carew's
Webster.

Carew's *Webster* comes next, on an elevated pedestal: a perfect specimen of the art of degrading a great subject.

Emigrant.

The next contribution comes from England, *The Emigrant*, a female figure, in plaster, by Lawlor. We now meet, for the first time, another class of objects, which are abundantly represented in other parts of the Exhibition—a large collection of silks and laces, exhibited by Stewart, of New York.

Stewart's
silks, &c.

Then follows a new form of art for our country, and in which, if we may judge by the two specimens before us, we are destined to take a high stand.

Silver service.

The first is a rich silver and gilt china tea-service,

Tiffany & Co.

made and exhibited by Tiffany and Co., of New York. The second comes from the same source, and is a presentation service made for the Albany City Bank, and presented by that institution to Walter Sherman, Esq.

Ottin's
hunter
and serpent.

After these comes a piece of sculpture, which is one of the great works of the Exhibition—the group of the *Hunter and Serpent*, by Ottin, a French artist. We have been told that there was an alle-

gory hidden under this contest betwixt brute force and human courage, which, in the evil days that have come upon his country, the artist had found it necessary to suppress. However this may be, it is a noble group, finely conceived and vigorously executed. At the four corners of the elevated pedestal on which it stands, are four figures, reduced copies from the antique—*Venus*, *Ceres*, *Esculapius*, and *Apollo*.

Below it stands a reduced copy of Kiss's *Ama-Amazon*; and next, a bronze vase, with four figures at *Vase*. the corners of the pedestal, and four bas-reliefs on the pedestal itself, representing passages in the life of Louis Philippe, to whom it once belonged. It is now the property of R. C. Goodhue, Esq., of New York.

EAST NAVE.

We enter the east nave also from the Rotunda : here we shall find but little to admire. Two fancy heads, by Mozier, stand opposite to each other at the head of the nave: the one on the right called *Morning*, and that on the left, with a fine sleepy *Morning and Night* face, called *Night*. They are the property of Ogden Haggerty, Esq.

The plaster busts that follow are too inferior to receive a special indication; and the only other piece of sculpture is the colossal equestrian statue of *Washington*, by Marochetti, which, fortunately, *Marochetti's Washington* has found few to admire it. It is in plaster, colored to represent bronze, and has as many defects both of conception and detail, as can be collected even within such a compass.

Directly below, in worthy juxtaposition, stands the model of the *Washington Monument*, aptly *Washington Monument* called, by a competent judge, an example of the arithmetical sublime! "The prominent peculiarity

of the design," says the same vigorous writer, "is the intermarriage of an Egyptian monument with a Greek structure, or one of the Greek elements."— (*Vide* "*Æsthetics at Washington*," p. 79 of "*A Memorial of Horatio Greenough*, by Tuckerman.)

NORTH NAVE.

North nave. In the north nave we find more to admire. As
Dog in bronze. you enter from the Rotunda, you find a bronze dog,
Bust of by Schultz, of Holland. Next a bust of *Webster*,
Webster. in marble, by King, of Boston.

And passing to the opposite side, and coming up
towards the Rotunda, a small marble copy of the
Venus of the Venus of the Louvre.

A statuette of *Cicero*, copied in marble from the
antique, by Fontana.

Between this and the *Venus*, but not on the
same line, a rich marble mantel-piece, with foliage
and four emblematic figures, called *Europe*, *Asia*,
Africa, and *America*.

Two portrait busts in marble, by Kinney, of
Worcester, come next; then another *Dog*, by
Schultz; and last of all, a beautiful statuette,
by Crawford, called the *Genius of Autumn*. It is
owned by J. Paine, Esq., of New York city, and is
one of the earliest of Crawford's finished inventions.

The centre of this nave is filled with various
objects; at the point next the door is a nude male
figure, in plaster. Next, two rich mantel-pieces;
one exhibited by G. Walker, of New York, and one
by O. Gori, of New York.

The bust you now see before you deserves at-
tention, both for the subject and the workmanship.
It is an excellent likeness of *Longfellow*, well model-
led. It ought to be in marble.

A collection of columns and mantles in marbleized

iron, and specimens of safes, by Herring ; then a Herring. characteristic show-case of Genin ; then a bronze Genin. bust of *Webster*, by Gilbert, and a marble one by Piatti ; and we come to one of the great works of the Exhibition, the *Amazon*, by Kiss. The Kiss's original is in Berlin, and stands at the entrance of Amazon. the Museum, in the open air. It needs no explanation : you see at once what the tiger, the horse, and the rider are doing. There is no mistaking the fury of the wild animal, the terror and agony of the tame one, nor the spirit of the human being who meets the danger with such dauntless energy. The execution corresponds to the conception ; and in despite of some errors of detail in the tiger's back and the neck of the horse, it has been classed from the very first, among the great works of modern sculpture.

Crawford's *Flora* is the last piece of statuary in Flora. this nave. With all its merits of execution, we fear that the artist has fallen into one of the errors which misled Bernini, and forgotten the dividing line betwixt sculpture and painting. It is the property of R. K. Haight, Esq., of New York, who gave the original commission.

ROTUNDA.

We now come to the Rotunda. You will observe the decorations of the dome, which bring out its Outer circle. light and airy proportions so effectively ; and you will do well to turn back to the description of the building at the beginning of our volume, for there is no point from which you can follow out the details with more satisfaction. The place occupied by the fountain was allotted in the original plan to Marochetti's *Washington*, which a happy second thought has thrown into the back ground. Of the *Genius of America*, which stands so prominently Genius of America.

Arrangement
of statues.

on the border of the fountain, and is so conspicuous from the naves, we shall say nothing artistically. The arrangement of the statues in a double circle around the Rotunda, produces an admirable effect, and does great credit to the taste that devised it.

ROTUNDA—INNER CIRCLE.

Bienaimé's
Psyche.

We begin our examination with the inner circle, starting from the west nave. The first statue on your right hand is a favorite production of Luigi Bienaimé of Rome, a scholar of Thorwaldsen. It is called *Psyche Grieved*, and is so great a favorite that the artist has been called upon to copy it again and again. The figure is full of grace, the attitude natural, the expression a "pining in thought," which recalls Viola's description of her imaginary sister. Bienaimé has never reached the highest standard of art, but his works are all distinguished by delicacy of sentiment, good taste, and careful manipulation.

The Minstrel's
Curse.

2. The next work is a group of two figures, one full of power and energy, the other drooping with the nerveless fall of a body, over which death has not had time to extend its fearful rigidity. The subject is drawn from Uhland's beautiful ballad of the *Minstrel's Curse*. A minstrel, singing with his pupil songs of peace and love, in the presence of a ferocious king, moves all the court to gentle feelings, but the monarch, in a phrenzy of rage, hurls his sword at the youth, who, breathing his last in his master's arms, is borne out by the old man. On reaching the outside of the castle, the minstrel turns and invokes heaven's vengeance on the murderer. The invocation is heard, and desolation and oblivion fall upon the spot.

"For odor-breathing gardens a wild heath spreads around,
No tree extends its shade, no spring starts from the ground:

The monarch's deeds no song, no hero-tales rehearse,
Fallen and forgotten—this is the minstrel's curse."

The author of this fine group is a young German artist, of the name of Müller, who has come to make his home in New York. We welcome him as a valuable accession to the artistic hopes of our country.

3. From this powerful expression of indignant grief we turn to another form of sorrow—*Eve after the Fall*—a figure of unquestionable merit, by Paganini, of Milan. Paganini's Eve.

4. A cast of Houdon's *Washington* comes next. Houdon's Washington.
This statue was made for the State of Virginia, in accordance with a resolution of the General Assembly of the 22d of June, 1784. Jefferson, who was then in Paris, engaged the services of Houdon, who, in 1785, came to the United States, and made his studies from the life. The work was completed in Paris, and now stands in the State-house of Virginia. As an accurate and faithful representation both of the face and person of Washington, it has always been acknowledged to excel every other work. It deserves careful attention, too, as one of the few successful attempts that have been made to preserve the costume of an unpicturesque age in a work of high art. But Houdon had a peculiar facility in the management of perverse materials, as every one who has seen his statue of St. Bruno, in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Rome, will acknowledge.

5. We have already found two specimens of Italian art, one of German, and one of French; we now come to a countryman of the greatest of modern sculptors, a Dane. The subject carries us back to the infancy of our race—*Adam and Eve after the Fall*—and is treated with much power. The artist is Jerichau, of Copenhagen. Jerichau's Adam and Eve.

Canova's Hebe. 6. A copy of one of Canova's best figures, by Lazzerini, follows—the light and graceful *Hebe*—a style of art in which the great reformer was eminently successful.

Santarelli's Harpocrates. 7. *Harpocrates*, the Egyptian god of silence, comes next; a figure of admirable proportions, graceful and finished, with all the "patient touches of unwearyed art." Santarelli, the author, is a Florentine, who, after many hard struggles, was suddenly raised to independence by an inheritance connected with the historical names of Alfieri and the Countess of Albany.

Nymph and Bacchante. 8–9. Professor Ferdinand Pelliccia, director of the Academy of Carrara, is author of the two next works—a *Nymph*, wreathing herself with flowers, and a *Bacchante*, playing on a pipe; graceful specimens of a prolific school.

Thorwaldsen's Mercury. 10. Thorwaldsen's *Mercury*, copied by Lazzerini. The god is represented in the act of stealthily drawing his sword to cut off the head of the hundred-eyed Argus, whom he has lulled to sleep with his pipe. This is one of the great mythological statues of the greatest of modern sculptors, and deserves a careful study.

11. *Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert*, by Caselli, of Florence.

Columbus. 12. *Columbus*, by Staffetti, from a model by Costa, a work of the conventional school, with marks of study and good taste, but tame and somewhat commonplace.

Two Lovers. 13. There is much more merit in the next group, the *Two Lovers going to the Well*—attractive both by the subject and the execution; yet we should like it better if there were not an unnecessary stoop in the lover, which forms an unpleasant contrast with the upright attitude of his mistress.

14. In the *Guardian Angel* we recognise the

characteristic grace of Bienaime, and the boy reminds us strongly of Thorwaldsen.

15. Last comes a figure by A. Bienaime, nephew, if we remember right, of Luigi—a *Shepherdess*, Shepherdess. with a bird on her shoulder.

In the outer circle there is less to call our at- Outer Circle. tention. The *Soldier's Son*, by Porini, and the *Soldier's Boy*. *Industrious Girl*, by Magni, are good specimens of Industrious Girl. unidealized nature in the common walks of life; a style wholly dependent upon minute and elaborate detail.

Then there is *Life's First Grief*, by Vasse, the Life's First Grief. figure of a child mourning over a dead bird; a copy of the *Head of Diana*, from the "Diana of Diana. Borghese," now in the Louvre; and *Bacchus Tipsy*, by Cambi.

The next is a work of Bartolini, whose *Faith* we Bartolini's have already admired. The subject, *A Boy treading* Grape Presser. *out grapes*, is not a very interesting one, but gives room for that careful study of nature which was his pride and one of his chief merits.

Rebecca is the name given to a small seated figure Rebecca. by Vasse.

Magni, author of the *Industrious Girl*, has another work of the same class, called the *First Steps*; and The First Steps. the last two are *Genii*, by Pelliccia, the *Genius of* *Summer* and the *Genius of Spring*. Summer and Spring.

COURTS.

The statuary of the courts, as may well be sup- First Court. posed, is not equal to that of the Rotunda and naves; but as there are still several fine pieces in them we shall go through them in order, beginning with the first court on the right in entering by the west nave.

1. *Lesbia*, a recumbent nude figure, in marble, by Lesbia. L'Évêque, a French artist.

Sleep of
Innocence.
Psyche.

2. Behind this, a full length figure of a boy, in marble, by Dupré, of Paris, called the *Sleep of Innocence*.

3. A statue of *Psyche*, in marble, by Fouguet, also a French artist. Psyche is represented extended on the ground, in the deep slumber into which she had been thrown by the vapors of the box she had opened in violation of the commands of Venus.

SECOND COURT.

Damalis.

1. *Damalis*, a nude figure, in marble, by Étex, a French artist.

Love of birds.

2. *Love of Birds*, by Marchetti, of Florence. A child, partly draped, holding a bird, which sips from his mouth.

Fountain.

3. Model of a *Monumental Fountain* with statues, in plaster of Paris and galvanized iron, by Le Fèvre Deumier, of France.

Cupid.

4. *Cupid*, a small seated figure, by Randal, of London.

Female head.

5. A *Female of Chiozza*, by Nicotti.

THIRD COURT.

Warwick
Vase.

1. In the centre a duplicate copy of the *Warwick Vase*; exhibited by A. H. Ward, of New York.

Boys Fishing.

2. A group of two boys, by Motelli, called *Boys Fishing*.

Cupid.

3. *Cupid* in a mischievous mood, a beautiful statuette, by Santarelli.

Young
Augustus.

4. A copy of the *Young Augustus* of the Vatican, one of the finest busts of antiquity.

Bust of
Rousseau.

5. A bust, *J. J. Rousseau*, by Baratta.

Ermiria.

6. A scene from the *Jerusalem Delivered*, Erminia writing Tancredi's name on the trunk of a tree:

"But oft, when underneath the green-wood shade,
Her flocks lay hid from Phœbus' scorching rays,

Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made,
 And them engraved in bark of beech and bays," &c.
 —Book vii. st. xix. *Fairfax's Translation*.

FIRST COURT ON THE LEFT FROM THE ENTRANCE. West Nave.

1. The *Deserted*, a female figure, in marble, by The *Deserted*.
 Motelli.

2. *Ceres*, from the antique, by Orlandi, a statuette *Ceres*.
 in marble, imperfectly copied, but deserving of careful
 study for the attitude and the masterly arrangement
 of the drapery.

SECOND COURT ON THE LEFT.

West Nave.

1. *John Baptist sleeping*, a child, in marble, by John Baptist.
 Magi.

2. The *Fisher Boy*, a nude figure, in marble, *Fisher Boy*.
 seated and in the act of fishing, by Cocchi.

3. *Innocence*, a child, in marble, by Cross. Innocence.

4 and 5. Two heads, in marble, very imperfect in
 conception and execution, the *Redeemer*, and *Re-* Head of the
ligious Meditation. Redeemer.

6. The *Flower Girl finding Cupid among the* The
flowers, a standing figure, in marble, sadly out of *Flower Girl*.
 proportion, by Motelli.

7. The *Mendicant*, a kneeling figure, by Strazza. Mendicant.
 A painful subject, powerfully executed. Marble.

8. *Attala and Chactas*, by Fraccaroli, in marble.
 A love scene, from Chateaubriand's celebrated prose
 poem.

9. Model of a *Monument of Romanelli*, four male Monument.
 figures, in plaster.

THIRD COURT ON THE LEFT.

West Nave.

1. A very bad *Madonna*, a small figure, in marble, *Madonna*.
 by Marchetti.

2. *Paris*, a fine head, in marble, with the Phry- *Paris*.
 gian cap—a copy, by Fontana.

- Ivory group. 3. A group, in ivory, of Mary with the dead body of Christ in her lap, and three women around her. Bad.
- Sappho. 4. A head, in marble.
5. Do. do. and very bad.
- Copernicus. 6. *Copernicus*, a plaster bust, by Marchetti.
- Poetry. 7. *Poetry*, a statuette, by Pelliccia. Several heads and casts, among which the most deserving of notice are a copy of the *Young Augustus*, the *Dying Gladiator*, in marble, reduced by Baratta, and a good bust of *Gavazzi*, by Butti ; all of which are a little outside of the court.
- Gavazzi. 8. Returning to the court you see on your left a bust of *Gioberti*, the celebrated philosopher and statesman, by Bruner. Marble.
- Gioberti. 9. *Cupid*, with the arms of Mars, in marble, by Jerichau.
- Cupid. 10. *Iris*, a head, in marble, by Cartei, of Florence.
- Iris. 11. A *Hen and Chickens*, by Beuzzi, of Milan.
- Hen and chickens. 12. *Venus and Cupid*, in bronze.
13. *Faithful Love*, a Cupid clipping his wings, in marble, by Vasse.
14. A *Wild Boar's Head*, cast in bronze, from nature, by Papi, of Florence ; a remarkable specimen of skill.
15. A fine copy of the *Warwick Vase* on a sculptured pedestal, by Marchetti.
16. *Virgin and Child*, in half relief, by Imhof.

West nave.

FOURTH COURT ON THE LEFT.

- Virgin of the Eucharist. 1. The *Virgin of the Eucharist*, a very bad bas-relief, by Cambi, of Florence.
- Joan of Arc. 2. *Joan of Arc*, a reduced copy of the statue, by a daughter of Louis Philippe, whose early death was so much lamented : exhibited by P. T. Barnum, Esq.

3. *Shepherdess and Lamb*, a statuette, by Orlandi. Shepherdess and lamb.

4. A copy of Thorwaldsen's *Ganymede feeding Jove's Eagle*, by P. Bienaime, deserving, like everything of Thorwaldsen's, a careful study. Ganymede.

5. A *Salver*, copied in marble, by Lazzerini, from an original of Cellini, the greatest master in this branch of art.

6. The *Angel of Music*, a statuette, in marble, by Corsani. Angel of Music.

7. The *Death of Ferrucci*, by Gianpaolo, of Lucca, a statuette, in marble. Death of Ferrucci. The death of Ferrucci is an event which every true Italian recalls with bitterness of heart, for the Republic of Florence fell with him. Overcome by numbers in a brilliant attempt to raise the siege of Florence, in 1530, and pierced with wounds, Ferrucci was brought into the presence of his personal enemy, Fabrizio Maramaldo. The wretch threw himself upon the dying hero, and struck him repeatedly with his dagger. At every blow Ferrucci said, "You are but killing a dead man."

8. *John the Baptist*, a statuette, by Baratta. John Baptist.

9. A marble *Tazza*, exhibited by Trebbi, a Roman dealer in marbles and antiques.

SOUTH NAVE—FIRST COURT ON THE LEFT FROM THE DOOR.

1. A *Danaide*, in marble, by Baratta. Danaide.

SECOND COURT ON THE LEFT.

A statuette of a mother with her infant in her arms, in plaster. Mother and Child. Ptolemy Lagus as an infant fed by an eagle, and several very indifferent busts by Ptolemy Lagus. English and Irish artists, all of which may safely be passed by.

THORWALDSEN'S CHRIST AND APOSTLES.

This is the great artistic attraction of the exhibition and should be reserved for the last ; you come to it by passing through the third court of the west nave, on the left hand from the entrance. In passing up the nave you have already caught glimpses of it, but if you have any desire to see art in its highest and one of its most perfect forms, you should wait till you have gone through the rest of the statuary and then sit down to study this.

Birth.

Thórvaldsen was born at Copenhagen on the 19th of November, 1770, and died there on the 24th of March, 1844. He went to Rome in 1796, and passed nearly all of his life in what he used to call his second birth-place. The catalogue of his works would fill a pamphlet ; ideal statues, monumental groups, and single figures and bas-reliefs, which was his favorite department, and in which he stands without a rival. During the last years of his life he refused to take any new orders, and the casts of all his works are now collected in a museum in Copenhagen, which bears his name and holds his ashes.

The collection in the Crystal Palace contains twenty bas-reliefs, the group of the Graces, two statues, and the group of Christ and the Apostles, with the Angel of the Baptismal Font.

Collection in
Crystal
Palace.

The group of Christ and the Apostles was made for the Church of Our Lady, in Copenhagen, where, instead of standing close to each other, as they necessarily do here, Christ occupies a niche over the altar, with the Apostles on each side of the nave, at distances sufficiently great to give them their full effect. The Angel of the Baptismal Font stands in an open space before the altar, separated from the nave by a balustrade and on a slight elevation. It should be remembered that the casts we see here are the original casts, which were sent to Copenhagen

to fill their appropriate places in the church while the marble was being prepared at Rome.

Christ and
Apostles.

Our Saviour is represented with outstretched arms, and with an expression and attitude corresponding to the beautiful sentence, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

St. Peter holds the keys.

St. Paul the sword, indicative of the form of his martyrdom.

Matthew appears as the Evangelist, symbolized by the angel at his side ; the money bag at his feet recalls his original profession of tax gatherer.

James the elder, with his pilgrim's staff and hat, is the apostle engaged in his holy mission.

Thomas, whose countenance expresses the doubt that once lurked in his mind, holds in his hand a square, the symbol of his skepticism, for he would not believe until he had measured.

Philip holds a cross of reeds.

James, son of Alpheus, leaning on his staff, seems to be meditating on the past, and the artist, faithful to tradition, has given his face the resemblance which it is said to have borne to that of his master. Simon Zelotes holds the saw, the emblem of his martyrdom.

Bartholomew, who suffered by the knife, holds one in his hand, to recall the mode of his death.

Andrew died by the cross.

John, with the tablet and style, recalls his character as an Evangelist, of which the eagle has always been assigned to him for emblem.

Thaddeus, who holds an axe, suffered martyrdom by beheading.

In studying these statues, particular attention should be paid to the management of the drapery, which, corresponding to the attitude of each figure,

is varied in each with a skill which leaves no trace of the study it must have cost. It is simple, natural, and expressive—a striking illustration of what real invention can do with very simple materials.

Angel of the
Baptismal
Font.

The *Angel of the Baptismal Font* needs no explanation.

Mercury.

The *Mercury* we have already seen in marble.

Venus.

Next comes the *Venus*, holding in her hands the prize of beauty.

The Graces.

Next, the group of *The Graces*, a favorite subject, of which a fine antique specimen was found years ago in Siena, and which Canova also has treated with success. Thorwaldsen's group was made nearly thirty years ago, and during the last year he passed in Rome, he corrected it so much to his satisfaction, that he was heard to declare himself contented for the first time in his life.—(Vide an account of him in the first number of Putnam's Monthly.)

Bas-Reliefs.

BAS-RELIEFS.

1. Victory.
2. Charity.
3. A Guardian Angel with a Child.
4. The Singing Angels.
5. Three Angels playing an instrument to, match, the others.
6. Three Allegories :
 1. Love with a swan, and small boy gathering fruit.—Summer.
 2. Love with young Bacchus pressing out grapes.—Vintage season.
 3. Love and Anacreon.—Winter.
7. Psyche delivering Cupids to the various ages of life.—Youth receives it—a year or two more, and it

embraces it ; then a few years, and the full-grown woman holds it captive. Years pass, and it sits mockingly on the back of Age ; and then, too, Age tries vainly to win it to its arms, while the little traitor laughs and flies away.

8. Three Angels hovering in the air.

9. A Shepherdess with a nest of Cupids.

10. Love waking Psyche from her lethargy.

11. Love and Bacchus.

12. Love and Hymen spinning the thread of life.

13. Love and Ganymede playing dice.

14. Mercury bringing young Bacchus to Jove.

15. In the last years of his life Thorwaldsen made several series of bas-reliefs from the life of the Saviour, of which we have three specimens : Last works of Thorwaldsen.

1. Maria with the Children, Jesus and John.

2. The Baptism of Christ.

3. Christ blessing little Children.

16. The four Seasons.—These four beautiful pieces tell their own story so perfectly that we shall only add, for the information of the untravelled visitor, that the circular vase on which puss sits so demurely, is a pan of coals, which, in almost all Italian houses south of the Appenines, serves instead of fire-place or stove.

17. Day and Night : which have been copied in various sizes, and may be found in every part of Europe.

Of the other pieces of sculpture, scattered here and there through the building, the only one that deserves particular notice is a fine cast of Canova's *Hebe*, from the celebrated foundry of Geiss, of Berlin. Canova's Hebe.

CATALOGUE OF PICTURE GALLERY.

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
1 The Court of Death, . . .	<i>R. Peale,</i>	United States.
[The Monarch, a dim and mysterious figure, sits on a throne in the centre; around him are the ministers and emblems of his power; the warrior with his fitting attendants rushing forth to slaughter and destruction; intemperance filling from her urn; disease in various forms, &c.]		
2 The various Stages of Love, . . .	<i>H. Goldschmidt,</i>	Frankfort.
3 Mother and her Boy fleeing from her Home on Fire, taken from the War in Hungary, . . .	<i>Adele Kindt,</i>	Belgium.
4 The Good and the Wicked Priest, . . .	<i>F. Ferrero,</i>	Turin.
5 Country Girl,	<i>Adele Kindt,</i>	Belgium.
6 Boys Receiving their Meal at the Convent Gate,	<i>Professor Hurlstone,</i>	England.
7 Goats in the Mountains,	<i>N. Humbert,</i>	Geneva.
8 Landscape,	<i>Augustus Ortmans,</i>	Holland.
9 View of the Tower of Notre Dame at Antwerp,	<i>F. Bousset,</i>	Belgium.
10 View of Paris, Bellevue,	<i>Orolig and H. Vernet,</i>	
11 Marine View,	<i>C. C. Kannemans,</i>	Holland.
12 Female nude recumbent Figure,		
13 Cattle,	<i>Henriette Knip,</i>	Holland.
14 View of the entrance of the Great Chartreuse in Grenoble,	<i>Ricois,</i>	France.
15 The Wages of War,	<i>Henry Peters Gray,</i>	New York.
16 Sappho,	<i>Fanny Geefs Corr,</i>	Belgium.

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
17 Aischa, the Slave of Solyman II., made Prisoner by the Hun- garians, adopts the Christian Religion at the Altar before the Attack of the Citadel by the Turks, 1556,	<i>Paul T. Van Elven,</i>	Holland.
18 Landscape,	<i>B. C. Koekoek,</i>	Holland.
19 Company Playing Cards,	<i>Sacré,</i>	Holland.
20 Marine View,	<i>M. C. Wagner,</i>	Holland.
21 Indecision,	<i>C. Lepaulle,</i>	France.
22 The Recruit of Brittany,	<i>T. De Heuvel,</i>	Belgium.
23 Fruit,	<i>Jules Dehaussy,</i>	France.
24 Cattle near the Water,	<i>F. S. Hygens,</i>	Holland.
25 Landscape View in Norway,	<i>C. Crolig,</i>	France.
26 Shipwreck,	<i>Tanneur,</i>	Holland.
27 Winter Scene in the Woods,		
28 Loch Long, Perthshire, Scotland,	<i>James Ferguson,</i>	England.
29 River by Moonlight,	<i>G. A. Roth,</i>	Holland.
30 Attala and Chactas [Property of Mr. Beaumont],	<i>P. J. Van Brie,</i>	New York.
31 Portrait,		
32 View near Morel Marley, near St. Germain,	<i>M. Riccois,</i>	France.
33 Bank of the Seine, near Paris,	<i>A. Giroux,</i>	France.
34 View of the little village of L'Etang- laville in France,	<i>M. Riccois,</i>	France.
35 Portrait of a Lady,	<i>H. G. P. Hanau,</i>	Holland.
36 View taken from the Terrace of St. Germain en Layes,	<i>Riccois,</i>	France.
37 Portrait of Mme. de Montespan,	<i>Gaspar Netscher,</i>	
38 Cardinal de Rochechouart,	<i>Pampero Bettani,</i>	
39 Landscape with Cattle,	<i>W. D. Klerk,</i>	Holland.
40 Ruin with Figures,	<i>Jan. Baptist Weeninx,</i>	
41 Wood Scene,		

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
42 Christ Disputing with the Doctors,	<i>Artemisia Gentileschi,</i>	
43 Portrait of Galileo Galilei, . . .	<i>Justus Sustermans,</i>	
44 William Prince of Orange (Wm. III.)	<i>Gerard Terbury,</i>	
45 Dutch Dandscape,		
46 Evening Market Scene, . . .	<i>Grootvert,</i>	Holland.
47 Stillwater Bay,	<i>F. J. Van Den Blyk,</i>	Holland.
48 A Ravine,	<i>Banquet,</i>	France.
49 Subll Giving the First Lesson in Entomology,	<i>Biard,</i>	France.
50 View in the gulf of Salerno, . . .	<i>Baker,</i>	England.
51 Waterfall,	<i>J. Coignet,</i>	Germany.
52 Italian Costume,	<i>Mrs. Dassel,</i>	New York.
53 An Old Dutch Hall,	<i>H. Van Hove,</i>	Holland.
54 Landscape and Old Castle, . . .	<i>J. J. Destree,</i>	Holland.
55 Dead Birds,	<i>M. Coic,</i>	France.
56 The Stag Hunt,	<i>Alex. Michells,</i>	Dusseldorf.
57 Landscape, Van der Burch,		
58 Sketch from Lafosse,	<i>M. Colin,</i>	France.
59 Landscape,	<i>J. A. De Ryk,</i>	Holland.
60 The Donkey Trader,	<i>Luminais,</i>	France.
61 Holy Family (on copper), . . .	<i>Allori,</i>	Italy.
62 A Sketch from Watteau, . . .	<i>M. Colin,</i>	France.
63 The Blacksmith of Naarden, . . .	<i>J. H. Egenberger,</i>	Holland.
[Hubert Willelmz Vanden Eyken, a blacksmith, on the fatal day of the massacre of Naarden, defended his house and workshop against the Spaniards, with his sword in one hand and his stool in the other, till, faint with loss of blood, he sunk upon the floor, and in spite of the prayers of his daughter, was killed by the infuriated assailants.]		
64 Outside of a Farm House, . . .	<i>H. Hygens,</i>	Holland.
65 Shipping in a Bay,	<i>B. F. J. Vanderblyx,</i>	Holland.
66 Good and Bad Luck,	<i>Dehaussy,</i>	France.
67 Two Ladies Reading by Lamp-light,	<i>P. Kierr,</i>	Holland.
68 The Confessional,	<i>W. West,</i>	New York.

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
69 Landscape and River View,	<i>G. W. Wagener,</i>	Holland.
70 Columbus before the Council of Salamanca,	<i>Porcell.</i>	
71 Scene after Shipwreck on the Coast of Africa,	<i>Biard,</i>	France.
72 Choir of Cherubs,	<i>Ginlio Romano.</i>	
73 Landing of Columbus,	<i>A. Colin,</i>	France.
74 Vintage Festival,		
75 Landscape,	<i>Ed. De Vign,</i>	Belgium.
76 Flemish Market Women by Can- dlelight,	<i>P. Van Schendel,</i>	Belgium.
77 The Picnic,	<i>T. Cole,</i>	New York.
[“He never used his pencil,” says Cooper in writing to a friend of Cole, “without eliciting poetry and feeling exhibited with singular fidelity to nature. I mix but little with the world, and rarely visit exhibitions. When I did I could tell one of those pieces (Cole’s landscapes) as far as sight enabled me to see it. On one occasion I remember to have been misled as to the artist, and to have stood before a small landscape that was said to have come from another hand. Here then is another artist, I said, who has caught the spirit of Cole. After all it turned out to be a picture by Cole himself. No one ever could paint such a picture.”]		
78 The Archangel Michael, copy from Reuben,		
79 Destruction of Pompeii,		
80 The Toilet,	<i>B. Winveld,</i>	Holland.
81 The Calling of St. Matthew,	<i>Jordano,</i>	
82 Swiss Landscape and Bridge,	<i>Guignon,</i>	Geneva.
83 Repose, a Landscape,	<i>Wm. Brown,</i>	New Jersey.
84 Washington, on horseback,	<i>Rembrandt Peale,</i>	New York.
[The venerable artist is the last survivor of the original painters of Wash- ington. The piece now exhibited was copied by him from the original paint- ing in his eightieth year.]		
85 Mountain Scenery,		
86 The Five Senses,	<i>Van Dyck.</i>	
87 Garden of the Tuileries in Paris,	<i>Linden Smidt,</i>	France.
88 The Reception,	<i>C. W. Hoveenaar,</i>	Holland.
89 Cupid Whispering a Secret to Venus,	<i>Schiavoni,</i>	Austria.

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
90 A Nymph in the Woods of the God Pan,	<i>Lebouys,</i>	France.
91 Mountain Scenery,	<i>A. Labito,</i>	Dutch.
92 View of Town in Belgium,	<i>F. J. Boulangar,</i>	Ghent.
93 Landscape and Cattle,	<i>J. B. Thorn,</i>	Holland.
94 Landscape,	<i>W. D. Klerk,</i>	Holland.
95 The Three Ages,	<i>A. Van Mugden.</i>	
96 Escape from Captivity,	<i>Gudin,</i>	France.
97 Der Garda See en Tyrol (the Sea of Garda in Tyrol),		
98 The Cloister of St. Marc,	<i>T. Foyant,</i>	France.
99 Landscape,	<i>C. C. Koekoek,</i>	Holland.
100 Stillwater Bay,	<i>T. J. Vanden Blyk,</i>	Holland.
101 The Sultana Nourmahal,	<i>G. Lepaulle,</i>	France.
102 Winter Landscape and Skaters,	<i>L. Verwee,</i>	Brussels.
103 Shipwreck,	<i>H. H. Opderheyde,</i>	Holland.
104 Landscape,	<i>J. G. Haus,</i>	Holland.
105 Interior of a Harem,	<i>G. Lepaulle,</i>	France.
106 View of the Gulf of Naples,	<i>P. Thuillier,</i>	France.
107 The Sultana Nourmahal,	<i>G. Lepaulle.</i>	
108 Seizure of Charlotte Corday after killing Marat,	<i>F. O. Connell.</i>	France.
109 Shepherds and Shepherdesses in the Woods,	<i>A. J. Woolmer,</i>	England.
110 Spanish Group,	<i>Mme. F. Thurwanger,</i>	United States.
111		
112 Group of Neapolitan Peasants,		
113 Shipwrecked persons attacked by a Shark,	<i>Biard,</i>	France.
114 Cattle near a Farm,	<i>C. De Ryk,</i>	Holland.
115 The Faithful Guardian,	<i>Amelia Champain,</i>	Belgium.
116 Child and Pet Greyhound,	<i>Emilio Champein,</i>	Belgium.
117 Flowers,	<i>Adelina,</i>	Paris.

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
118 Garden Scene,	<i>A. J. Woolmer,</i>	England.
119 Inundation of the Loire, . . .	<i>A. Antigna,</i>	France.
120 Marine View,	<i>H. Kannemans,</i>	Holland.
121 Ruins,	<i>Van Moer,</i>	Belgium.
122 Group,	<i>S. A. Comte,</i>	France.
123 Mother and Child,	<i>A. J. Woolmer,</i>	England.
124 Town in Belgium,	<i>Van Moer,</i>	Belgium.
125 Talent Discovered,	<i>Moritz Calisch,</i>	Holland.
[One day, in the year of grace 1286, as Cimabue was going from Florence to Vespignano, he saw a shepherd-boy drawing on a smooth flag, with a piece of sharp stone, the figure of one of his sheep that were feeding near him. "Will you come and live with me and learn to paint?" asked Cimabue. "Willingly," replied the boy, "if my father will let me." The father gave his consent, and before many years Dante could write with truth:		
"Credette Cimabue, nella pittura Tener lo Campo : ed ora pa Giotto il grido, Si che la fama di colui oscura."]		
126 Marine View,	<i>C. O. Bannernaus,</i>	Holland.
127 Ruins of an Ancient Temple, . .	<i>M. Schmidt,</i>	Germany.
128 Castle of Usse, near Tours, in France,	<i>Justin Ouvrie,</i>	France.
129 View of a Country Town, . . .	<i>J. G. DeHaan,</i>	Holland.
130		
131 Landscape, Shepherd and Sheep,		
132 King Henry 1st of England re- ceiving the tidings of the loss of his Son by Shipwreck, . . .	<i>W. Maw Egley,</i>	England.
133 View near Naples,	<i>Coignet,</i>	France.
134 View of an Interior,	<i>Plassan,</i>	France.
135 St. Jerome in the Desert, . . .	<i>M. Aligny,</i>	France.
136 Moorish Fortress and Mill on the Adra, in South Spain,	<i>F. Bossuet,</i>	Brussels.
137 Landscape,		
138 View at Candebek,	<i>M. Pinel,</i>	France.
139 Interior of a Church,	<i>A. Waldorp,</i>	Holland.
140		

	Title.	Artist.	Residence.
141	Nun,	<i>J. B. Flugg,</i>	U. S.
142	Landscape and River View, . .	<i>G. W. Wagener,</i>	Holland.
143	Portrait of Herring, founder of the Art Union,	<i>His Son.</i>	U. S.
144	Flower Piece,		
145	Presentation of the Virgin, (Copy from Titian,)	<i>J. K. Fisher,</i>	59 Murray st., N.Y.
146	Supper at the House of Levi, from Paul Veronne,	<i>J. K. Fisher.</i>	
147	Flower Piece,		
148	Landscape, Evening,	<i>Louis Verwee,</i>	Brussels.
149	View of Amsterdam,	<i>J. J. Destree,</i>	Holland.
150	Justice sitting on a Throne, . .	<i>Anthony De Pereda,</i>	
151	Requesting Hospitality,	<i>Robert Van Eysden,</i>	Holland.
151	Landscape,	<i>H. D. Kruseman Vanelle,</i>	Holland.
152	Marine View,	<i>H. K.,</i>	Holland.
153	Scene in a Tavern,	<i>Neurdenburg,</i>	
154	Scene on the Ice, Dutch Land- scape,		
155	Portrait of an Old Woman,. . .	<i>J. Verryt,</i>	Cologne.
156	View on the Maas,	<i>Pierre T. Van Elcers,</i>	Holland.
157	The Knife Grinder,	<i>Hove,</i>	
158	The Washerwoman,	<i>H. Hove,</i>	Holland.
159	A Hilly Landscape,	<i>G. A. Roth,</i>	Holland.
160	Dutch Kitchen,	<i>Van Brill,</i>	Germany.
161	Fancy Cottage,	<i>Neurdenburg,</i>	
162	America,	<i>Fanny Geefs Corr,</i>	Belgium.
163	Boy playing with a Mouse, . .	<i>H. Dillens,</i>	Belgium.
164	View of a town in Holland,. . .	<i>L. J. Verveer,</i>	Holland.
165	A Social Chat,	<i>Monfollet,</i>	France.
166	Flowers,	<i>Saint Jean.</i>	
167	The Knife Grinder,	<i>H. Van Hove,</i>	Holland.
168	A Landscape,	<i>A. Lapita,</i>	France.
169	Mouth of a River in Holland, . .	<i>A. Waldorp,</i>	Holland.

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
170 The Cantatore,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Philadelphia.
171 Portrait, Italian Costume,	<i>G. Guffins,</i>	Belgium.
172 Game Piece,	<i>Alida Stolk,</i>	
173 Landscape,	<i>Louis Verwee,</i>	Brussels.
174 Tyrolese Girl, from the Zillert Hall, <i>J. W. Wander,</i>		Munich.
175 Midnight Reflections on a Skull, <i>P. Van Schelden,</i>		Belgium.
176 Portraits,	<i>Zephaniah Bell,</i>	England.
177 Leonora. (Exhibited by Fendler & Co.)	<i>Unknown,</i>	Germany.
178 River View in Holland,	<i>A. Waldorp,</i>	Holland.
179 Entrance of a Mosque at Rosette, <i>F. Bossuet,</i>		Belgium.
180		
181 Forest Scene,	<i>H. E. Rademaker,</i>	Holland.
182 A Mother and her Child,	<i>H. Scheffer,</i>	France.
183 Christ in the Temple,	<i>F. Scheffer,</i>	France.
184 King Lear,	<i>Oppenheim,</i>	Germany.
185		
186 All Saints' Night,	<i>La Loir,</i>	France.
187 The Flemish Lawyer,	<i>J. Getoni,</i>	Belgium.
188		
189 Landscape,	<i>Solomon Ruysdael,</i>	
190 Portrait of Prince Ferdinand, . . .	<i>Sir Anthony Reubens,</i>	
191 Landscape,	<i>Jacob Ruysdael,</i>	
192		
193		
194 "Battle,"	<i>Antonio Tempesta,</i>	
195 Historical Landscape,	<i>Casper Dughet Poussin,</i> b. 1613, d. 1675.	
196 A Head,	<i>Francis Porbus,</i> born 1570, died 1582.	
197 Interior,	<i>Adrian Van Ostade,</i> b. 1610, d. 1635.	
198 Siege—Battle, Horses, and War- riors,	<i>Antonio Tempesta,</i>	
199		
200 Adoration of the Magi,	<i>Carlo Maratta,</i> born 1625, died 1718.	
201 Battle,	<i>Antonio Tempesta.</i>	

	Title.	Artist.	Residence.
202	Battle,	<i>Antonio Tempesta</i> , born 1655, died 1680.	
203	Seaport with Statues,	<i>John Linglback</i> , born 1625, died 1687.	
204	The Temptation of St. Anthony,	<i>David Teniers</i> , born 1610, died 1694.	
205	Head of the Virgin,	<i>Andrea del Sarto Vannucci</i> , born 1488, died 1530.	
206	Portrait of Mme. de Maintenon,	<i>Pierre Mignard</i> ,	
207	Interior of a Forest,	<i>Verburg</i> , born 1690.	
208	A View in Flanders,	<i>Solomon Ruysdael</i> , born 1616, died 1670.	
209	Portrait of Arnold Booner,	Painted by himself, born 1669, d. 1729.	
210	View on a Lake in Switzerland,	<i>Guignan</i> ,	Geneva.
211			
212			
213			
214			
215	The Flower Girl,	<i>J. Spellemacker</i> ,	Holland.
216	Flowers,	<i>Joahanna North</i> ,	Holland.
217	The Arch of Drusus, in Rome, .	<i>F. W. Baker</i> ,	London.
218	Nero and Narcissus,	<i>A. Olin</i> ,	France.
219			
220	A Hut in Beauce, France, .	<i>Wanderburch</i> ,	France.
221			
222			
223	A Cook Baking Wafers,	<i>H. Hove</i> ,	Holland.
224	Return with Game,	<i>H. Hove</i> ,	Holland.
225	A Girl at the Cellar Door, . .	<i>H. Hove</i> ,	Holland.
226	A Girl in an Ancient Hall, . .	<i>H. Hove</i> ,	Holland.
227	Landscape,	<i>H. E. R.</i> ,	Germany.
228	Landscape and Water,	<i>J. J. Destrée</i> ,	Holland.
229	A Farm in Holland,	<i>C. Immerzeel</i> ,	Holland.
230	Winter Scene, Skating,	<i>J. G. Haus</i> ,	Holland.
231	View in Switzerland,	<i>Tepping</i> ,	Switzerland.
232	The Adulteress at the Feet of Christ,	<i>Em. Signol</i> ,	France.
233	A Steamer near the Coast, . .	<i>C. C. Kannemans</i> ,	Holland.

	Title.	Artist.	Residence.
234	Battle of Leipsic in 1630, . . .	<i>W. Linderschmidt,</i>	France.
235			
236	Landscape, view of a Lake and Alps,	<i>Tepping,</i>	Switzerland.
237	Portrait of Chief Justice Marshall	<i>J. B. Martin,</i>	United States.
238	Corpse of a Female driven ashore defended against the attack of an eagle by two fisher- man's dogs,	<i>John Hilverdink,</i>	Holland.
239	Christ Pardoning the Adulteress,	<i>M. Signol,</i>	France.
240			
241			
242			
243	First Lord Lovet,	<i>Van Dyk,</i>	
244			
245			
246	Louis XIII., (for sale by H. Whittemore, office 18),		
247			
248			
249	Ann of Austria, wife of Louis XIII., (for sale by H. Whitte- more, office 18),		
250			
251			
252	Landscape on Panel,	<i>Schelfhout,</i>	Holland.
253	The Wreckers,	<i>Ed. Luminais,</i>	France.
254	The Fairy in the Grotto, . . .	<i>Unknown,</i>	Italy.
255			
256	Sheep Shearing,	<i>H. & A. A. Knip,</i>	Holland.
257	View of a Canal in Holland, . .	<i>A. Waldorf,</i>	Holland.
258	Madonna and Child,	<i>A. De La Oroy,</i>	Rome.
259			
260	Devotion,	<i>G. Verryt,</i>	Germany

	Title.	Artist.	Residence.
261	The Mendicant,	Kassel,	Breslau.
262			
263			
264	Ophelia,	Leopold Burthe,	France.
265	The Witch of Endor, . . .	Copy from Rembrandt,	Germany.
266	Rocky Landscape,	M. De Marneffe,	Brussels.
267	Landscape,	B. Fries,	Heidelberg.
268	The Holy Women at the Tomb of Christ,	Giuseppe Bellucci,	Florence.
269			
270	Head of a Bull,	A. Verhoeven,	Holland.
271	Female Portrait,	Unknown,	Nuremberg.
272	Child and Dove, portrait, . . .	F. Doussart,	New York.
273	Disturbed Lovers,	Raisins,	Holland.
274	Artemesia Drinking the Ashes of her Husband,	A. Delle Piane,	Genoa.
275			
276	View of a Dutch Town,	C. Immerzeel,	Holland.
277	Marine View,	F. Gamba,	Italy.
278	Judith with the Head of Holo- fernes,	Conrad Hiltz,	Munich.
279			
280			
281			
282	Landscape,	C. M. W. Mongers,	Holland.
283	Victor Emanuel, king of Sar- dinia,	F. Marabotta,	Turin.
284	Still Water Scene,	L. G. Verveer,	Holland.
285			
286	River by Moonlight,	Jacob Verryt,	Cologne.
287	Mother and Child,	C. Immerzeel,	Holland.
288			
289			
290			

	Title.	Artist.	Residence.
291	French Squadron Marine View,	<i>Morel,</i>	France.
292			
293	Game,	<i>C. De Cocq,</i>	Holland.
294	A Monk Preaching at the Coliseum,	<i>Flavio,</i>	England.
295			
296			
297			
298			
299	Castle and Winter Landscape, .	<i>F. L. Huygens,</i>	Holland.
300	View at Capri,	<i>Alligny,</i>	France.
301	The Amateur in his Studio. .	<i>Verveer,</i>	Frankfort.
302	Mary Magdalen,	<i>Murillo,</i>	Spain.
303	The Madonna del Trono, copied from Perugino,	<i>G. Mazzolini,</i>	Rome.
304	A Ride in the Woods, . . .	<i>K. F. Blomblea,</i>	Holland.
305			
306	A very ancient Italian Painting,	<i>Giotto?</i>	
307			
308	Miracle of St. Anthony, in an Antique Frame,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Italy.
309	Tobias and the Angel, . . .	<i>Unknown,</i>	Italy.
310	Portrait of Pope Julius II., from Raphael,	<i>Giovanni Mazzolini,</i>	Rome.
311	Columbus at the Monastery of Rabida, in Spain, . . .	<i>L. Berlingieri,</i>	Genoa.
312			
313	The Temptation of Christ, .	<i>Elizner,</i>	Düsseldorf.
314	Christopher Columbus at Salamanca,	<i>A. Colin,</i>	France.
315			
316	Fleur De Marie, from the Mysteries of Paris,	<i>G. Berti,</i>	Florence.
317	Village Landscape, Evening, .	<i>A. Zwengauer,</i>	Munich.

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
318 Flowers,	<i>Eliza Koningh,</i>	Holland.
319 Contempt,	<i>N. Schiavoni,</i>	Austria.
319 Landscape,	<i>F. Perotti,</i>	Turin.
320 Landscape with Rocks,	<i>Beniochi,</i>	Italy.
321 Joseph Sold by his Brethren,	<i>Jong De Wett, (Pupil of Rembrandt,)</i>	Germany.
322 Girl Returning from Market,	<i>H. Hove,</i>	Holland.
323 Stag,	<i>Unknown,</i>	Germany.
324 Winter Landscape,	<i>B. C. Koekoek,</i>	Holland.
325		
326		
327 Cupid and Psyche,	<i>G. B. Moltedo,</i>	Genoa.
328		
329 Revolution of Palermo in 1848,	<i>Giacomo,</i>	Florence.
330 Death of an Italian Volunteer,	<i>Emilio Lapi,</i>	Florence.
331 Landscape,	<i>Spengel,</i>	Munich.
332		
333 Moonlight Scene on Panel,	<i>Kerkhof,</i>	Holland.
334 Fishing Smack, Normandy,	<i>M. Pinel,</i>	France.
335 Mary Magdalen (Original,)	<i>Guido Reni?</i>	Italy.
336 Marine View,	<i>P. Schilager,</i>	Holland.
337		
338 St. Martin de Cluse in the Dau- phinée,	<i>A. Dubuisson,</i>	France.
339 An Old Ship Stranded,	<i>J. J. Overwick,</i>	Holland.
340 Portrait of a Boy,	<i>Masse,</i>	France.
341		
342 A Woman Spinning,	<i>Neurenberg,</i>	Holland.
343 David calming Saul, by the sound of his Harp,	<i>G. Maccio,</i>	Italy.
344 The Arch of Janus, in Rome, during an overflow of the Tiber,	<i>F. W. Baker,</i>	England.

	Title.	Artist.	Residence.
345			
346	Landscape,	<i>Hanshofer,</i>	Germany.
347			
348			
349			
350	Teguin Ferry and Harleek Castle, North Wales,	<i>Cornelius Varley,</i>	England.
351	The Village Bride at her Toilet,	<i>F. Schaen,</i>	Germany.
352	The Children of Frauenburg, . .	<i>Professor Ch. Schulz,</i>	Germany.
353	Greeks at Missolonghi,	<i>Perignon,</i>	France.
354	Bathing in the Country,	<i>G. Berti,</i>	Florence.
355	Group, Ancient Painting,	<i>Varni, of Genoa,</i>	Genoa.
356	Scene from the Beggars' Opera,	<i>Zephania Bell,</i>	London.
357			

358	The Return of Regulus to Carthage,	<i>Cammuccini,</i>	Rome.
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[The story which forms the subject of this piece is too well known to require repetition; but the painting calls for a few remarks, as one of the best specimens of the modern classic school in Italy. Cammuccini died about twelve years ago, at an advanced age, and sharing with Benvenuti, of Florence, the reputation of the greatest Italian painter of his time. His works are very numerous, almost all of them historical, and many of them upon subjects which, however unsuggestive they may seem to us, are still perfectly natural for a Roman. Most of his paintings from Roman history are widely known by engravings made under his own eye. His style is pure and correct, with a strong tendency to mannerism, particularly in the grouping of his figures and in the management of drapery. His drawing is accurate and fine, though not bold or free. In his earlier paintings the coloring was good, but in his later pieces he fell into an artificial style of contrasts, which is very disagreeable. In invention he displayed a fertility which would have given him a high rank, if there were more inspiration or spontaneity about it. But his groups recall other works somewhat too often, and his figures are evident elaborations of suggested ideas; yet, though not an original genius, Cammuccini was an artist of a high order, and his works will always hold an eminent place among the Italian paintings of the nineteenth century.]

359

360	The Guitar Player,	<i>G. Berti,</i>	Florence.
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361

362	Landscape,	<i>M. Hamilton,</i>	Canada West.
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	Title.	Artist.	Residence,
363	Dante Alighieri taking leave of his Family on going into Exile,	<i>Edwin Ciabatti,</i>	Italy.
364			
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366			
367			
368	View at Clifson, near Nantes,	<i>E. Pinel,</i>	France.
369			
370			
371			
372			
373	View of a Seaport,	<i>Kunneane,</i>	Holland.
374			
375	Neapolitan Gleaner,	<i>Fiorucci,</i>	Florence.
376			
377	Music, Mathematical Instru- ments, Books, &c., on Table,	<i>Dumaresco,</i>	France.
378	Bacchus presented to Silenus,	<i>Giacomo Conti,</i>	Florence.
379			
380	Mountain Landscape,	<i>G. De Vries,</i>	Holland.
381	Romeo and Juliet,	<i>A. Oolin,</i>	France.
382			
383			
384	Jean Jacques Rousseau,	<i>H. Viger Duvoignan,</i>	France.
385	Boys and Cat,	<i>Armand,</i>	France.
386	Ruins of Castle Roche, Chinard,	<i>Peter Thullier,</i>	France.
387			
388	Venus Rising from the Waves,	<i>Steinbruck,</i>	Berlin.
389	Landscape, near Villa d'Array,	<i>Justin Ouvrie,</i>	France.
390	Girl Selling Fish,	<i>Van Eyckrans,</i>	Germany.
391	Group, Italian girl with lamb,	<i>Hurlstone,</i>	England.
392	Sunrise,	<i>Pelgrom,</i>	Holland.

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
393 Landscape, Swiss Scenery,	<i>Bernard Fries,</i>	Heidelberg.
394 Flowers,	<i>Adelaide Dietrich,</i>	Germany.
395 The Message,	<i>G. Benti.</i>	Florence.
396 Launce and Speed,	<i>W. Maw Egley.</i>	England.
397 The Mussel Vender,	<i>J. Spillemacher,</i>	Holland.
398 Child taking a thorn from the foot of a Shepherd,	<i>Cuminade,</i>	France.
399 Landscape,	<i>Jacob Verryt,</i>	Cologne.
400 Shepherd receiving instruction on the Reeds,	<i>Cuminade,</i>	France.
401 Bass Rock, Frith of Forth, Scot- land,	<i>Rudolf Hardorf.</i>	Hamburg.
402 Cattle in a Stable,	<i>Auguste Knip,</i>	Holland.
403		
404 Brigands in a Tavern,	<i>Augustus Vacha,</i>	Germany.
405 Sacuntala,	<i>C. Hitz,</i>	Munich.
[The subject of this piece is taken from a Sanscrit drama. The piece itself is a copy of a picture by Risdell, which was exhibited in Rome in 1839, winning much commendation for its coloring.]		
406 Interior of a Church,	<i>Prof. Ch. Schulz,</i>	Germany.
407 Arianna with the Satyrs,	<i>G. Berti,</i>	Florence.
408		
409		
410		
411 Martin Luther, before the Diet of Worms,	<i>A. Van Pelt.</i>	Holland.

[No act of Luther's life was more characteristic of his bold spirit and firm convictions than his appearance before the Diet of Worms on the 17th and 18th of April, 1521. To his friends who, mindful of the conduct of the Council of Constance, had advised him not to go, he replied, "that he would go, even if there were as many devils in Worms as there were tiles on the housetops." On his approach to the city, the inhabitants hurried out to meet him in greater numbers than had come together for the solemn entrance of the Emperor. The hall of the Diet was filled, friends and enemies mixed up together. Charles was present, in the pomp of imperial majesty. Girolamo Aleandro represented the church as Papal Nuncio. Bishops, electors, and nobles were ranged in the order of their dignity. The Chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, John

Title. Artist. Residence.

ab Eyk, acted as interrogator. Luther was introduced by Marshal Count Pappenheim, and told that he must simply answer the questions asked him, without entering into any discussion. From the thronged galleries he could hear the voices of his friends, exhorting him not to fear those who can kill the body only, and mingled with these came the hisses and reproaches of his enemies. On the first day he merely asked for time to answer the questions: on the second—the subject of this painting—he replied at length, closing with a firm and dignified admonition to the young Emperor not to act incautiously and hastily in this beginning of his reign. The orator of the Assembly told him, in severe terms, that he had not answered to the purpose, but must say, categorically, whether he would retract his opinions or not. In a few dignified words, he refused to retract anything, unless his conscience were subdued to the Word of God; and then added in German, for thus far he had spoken in Latin, “Here I take my stand: I can do no other: God be my help. Amen.”]

412

413 Costume of Peasant Girl of Sora,

Naples, *Francesco Ferrari*, Rome.

414 Landscape, *G. Saal*, Germany.

415 Mythological Group, *F. C. Houseman*, Germany.

416 The Pacha and Gulnare, Scene

from the Corsair, *F. Y. Hurlstone*, England.

417 Landscape, *Edward Schleich*, Munich.

418 Cattle, *J. Ryk*, Holland.

419 Autumn, *J. Grund*, Germany.

420

421 Interior of a Forest, *J. W. Schirmer*, Düsseldorf.

422

423 The Jestling Sportsman, . . . *J. B. Sonderland*, Düsseldorf.

424 Hindoo Girl drawing water, . . *A. Plum*, Düsseldorf.

425 Rhenish Kitchen, *Herman Joseph Schmitz*.Düsseldorf.

426

427 Fox and Duck, *F. R. Happel*, Düsseldorf.

428 Westphalia Farm, *Theodore Nocken*, Düsseldorf.

429

430 Sunset on the Lake of Geneva, . *William Portman*, Düsseldorf.

431 The Good Samaritan, *Moritz Uffers*, Düsseldorf.

	Title.	Artist.	Residence.
432			
433	Evening in Autumn, . . .	<i>Caspar Scheuren,</i>	Düsseldorf.
434			
435	Swedish Fisherman, . . .	<i>M. Larson,</i>	Düsseldorf.
436	Fisherman's Hut on Fire, . . .	<i>Chs. Hubner,</i>	Germany.
437	Family Devotions, . . .	<i>Chs. Hubner,</i>	Germany.
438			
439	Italian Singers, . . .	<i>Joseph Fay,</i>	Düsseldorf.
440	Christ and the Two Disciples at Immaus, . . .	<i>Fred. Ittenbach,</i>	Düsseldorf.
441	Italian Dancers, . . .	<i>Joseph Fay,</i>	Düsseldorf.
442	Peasants in an Inn dividing a Lottery Prize, . . .	<i>J. P. Hasenclever,</i>	Düsseldorf.
[A scene in a German inn. The principal figure is busied in counting out the money for distribution, while his companions, standing or sitting, surround him in various attitudes, with their attention divided between the money and the preparations for a carouse.]			
443			
444	Westphalian Mill, . . .	<i>Theodore Noeken,</i>	Düsseldorf.
445	Landscape in the Environs of Düsseldorf, . . .	<i>Caspar Scheuren,</i>	Düsseldorf.
446	Mill in the Woods, . . .	<i>J. Zielke,</i>	Düsseldorf.
447	Castle of Kronenberg, in Den- mark, . . .	<i>M. Larson,</i>	Düsseldorf.
448			
449	Yard in the Castle of Elz, on the Moselle, . . .	<i>Ehemant,</i>	Düsseldorf.
450	Chicken surprised by a Fitchet, . . .	<i>F. R. Happel,</i>	Düsseldorf.
451	Mountain Bridge, . . .	<i>Jungheim,</i>	Düsseldorf.
452	Winter Landscape, . . .	<i>J. G. Lange,</i>	Düsseldorf.
453	Shipwreck, . . .	<i>F. Hunten,</i>	Düsseldorf.
454	Marble Well of Uttersberg, near Salsburg, . . .	<i>Casper Scheuren,</i>	Düsseldorf.
455			

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
456 Wolf with his Prey attacked by Dogs,	<i>F. S. Lachowitz,</i>	Düsseldorf.
457 Winter View of Highwater Gate near Amsterdam,	<i>C. Adloff,</i>	Düsseldorf.
458 Discovery of the dead body of Gustavus Adolphus after the Battle of Lützen,	<i>E. Gessellschaft,</i>	Düsseldorf.
[Gustavus had already been wounded in the arm when a second shot struck him. "I have got enough, brother," he said to the Duke of Lunenburg, who was leading him from the field, "save yourself;" and sinking from his horse, pierced by new wounds, and forsaken by all his attendants, he breathed his last under the hands of the Croats. After the battle his victorious army sought the body of their king. They found it amid the common dead, bruised by horses' hoofs, stripped of its ornaments and clothes, and so disfigured by wounds that those who knew him best were at a loss to recognize it. A great stone, near the spot where he fell, was long called the "Stone of the Swede."]		
459 Landscape in Lower Germany, .	<i>George Jabin,</i>	Düsseldorf.
460 A Forest Inn,	<i>William Klein,</i>	Düsseldorf.
461		
462 The Landgrave of Thuringen, Frederick, with the bitten cheek,	<i>R. Siegert,</i>	Düsseldorf.
463 Flora McIvor and Kathleen wait- ing for Waverly,	<i>L. Blank,</i>	Düsseldorf.
464 Lake Scenery,	<i>R. Schulz,</i>	Düsseldorf.
646 The Rising Thunderstorm, .	<i>Augustus Weber,</i>	Düsseldorf.
465 Mountain Views in Norway, .	<i>Haw Gude,</i>	Düsseldorf.
466		
467 Mill by a Brook,	<i>George Jabin,</i>	Düsseldorf.
468 Winter Scene in Holland, .	<i>C. Adloss,</i>	Düsseldorf.
469 Landscape in the Mountains, .	<i>George Jabin,</i>	Düsseldorf.
470 Diana and her Nymphs in the Bath,	<i>Professor O. Sohn,</i>	Düsseldorf.
471 The Singing Lesson,	<i>Joseph Niessen,</i>	Düsseldorf.
472		

Title.	Artist.	Residence.
473 Scene in a Schoolroom from the Jobsiade, a German comic poem. See also No. 481 . . .	<i>J. P. Hasenclever,</i>	Düsseldorf.
474 Italian Woman Playing with Child,	<i>Joseph Fay,</i>	Düsseldorf.
475 Mill in the dale,	<i>George Jabin,</i>	Düsseldorf.
476 The Admiral Taking Leave of his Wife,	<i>A. Pulm,</i>	Düsseldorf.
477 Forest Scene,	<i>C. Junghein,</i>	Düsseldorf.
478 View of a Dutch Harbor,	<i>C. Adloff,</i>	Düsseldorf.
479 Avenue in Autumn,	<i>George Jabin,</i>	Düsseldorf.
480 Perspective View,	<i>I. G. Lange,</i>	Düsseldorf.
481 Jeronimus Jobs, a Night Watch,	<i>J. P. Hasenclever,</i>	Düsseldorf.
482 The Faithful Watchman,	<i>Fred. Happell,</i>	Düsseldorf.
483 Deputation of Workmen before the City Council,	<i>J. P. Hasenclever,</i>	Düsseldorf.

[This is a very remarkable picture, both as a work of art and a historical record. Eighteen hundred and forty-eight saw many of these scenes, in which the ruler was brought, for the first time, face to face with the people. The character of the members of the council reveals itself in their faces, and requires no explanation. The scene in the square, too, where a popular leader is haranguing the multitude, is perfectly intelligible. But in the group at the door do not pass lightly over the skilful discrimination of the artist. Observe the leader—bold, self-possessed, and sincere. Observe the figure just behind twisting his moustache with his fingers. What a contrast to the earnest dignity of the speaker, and how truthfully the rum bottle peering from his pocket, tells what kind of freedom he asks for. Then behind them all, the wire puller whispering words of impatience from his covert in the back ground. The grouping, study of heads, and all the artistic details, will richly repay a careful examination.]

485 The Calabrese,	<i>Polak,</i>	Rome.
488		

RE-OPENING
OF THE
CRYSTAL PALACE,
FOR THE
EXHIBITION OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS.

[From the New York Tribune, May 5, 1854.]

PROCESSION TO THE PALACE.

YESTERDAY the New-York Crystal Palace for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations was re-inaugurated, the ceremonies on the occasion being conducted with great spirit, and in a manner worthy of the enterprise. * * * *

AT THE PALACE.

We arrived at the Palace at twelve o'clock, and found a large crowd, composed in great part of ladies.

The head of the procession reached the Palace at half past twelve, entering from the Sixth-avenue entrance. The view at the moment taken from the stand, if it could have been daguerreotyped in colors, would have made a picture worth a voyage to look at.

All of the front of the galleries, all the great stairways and portions of the lower floor, were crowded with bright faces of beauty and intelligence shining amid the gay colors of the present fashion of ladies' dresses.

The speakers' stand was placed upon a raised platform in the East Nave just under the outer rim of the dome. Immediately under the centre of the dome, where the equestrian statue of Washington stood, a large fountain has been placed, in the centre of which stands a colossal figure, twelve feet in height, standing upon a rock six feet high. The figure represents America. In the right hand is a spear piercing the rock, from which the water gushes forth; and in the left hand the figure holds a wreath of laurel over the water. The artists were MESSRS. BORUP and MULLER; the former is a pupil of the celebrated THORWALSDEN. This statue was suggested by the architect, GEORGE CARSTENSEN, and executed in the Crystal Palace in six days.

The ceremonies commenced precisely at a quarter to one o'clock, with music and the singing of the following

PRIZE ODE,

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Lo! the transitory darkness
From our Palace floats away;
Lo! the glorious gems of Genius
Glitter in the rising day.

See again the mighty Nations
Meet and clasp each other's palms,
And by Labor's glowing altar
Lift on high according psalms.

Here behold the true Evangel!
Not from War may Earth increase;
God has stamped his shining patent
Only on the brow of Peace.

Only by the arm of Labor,
Swinging to Invention's chime,
Can the Nations build their Eden
In the wilderness of Time.

Nations! hear that mighty music
Rolling through the mountain-bars—
Planting deserts, bridging oceans,
Marrying the choral stars:

Telling that our Crystal Palace
Glorifies the joyous sod—
Making Man, with Art and Nature,
Worthy of the Builder—God!

Nations! then rejoice that darkness
From our Palace floats away,
And the glowing gems of Genius
Glitter in the light of day!

The effect produced upon the audience by the music foresha-

dows the success of keeping up that source of enjoyment for the million as long as the Exhibition may be kept open.

PRAYER BY THE REV. MR. HOVEY.

After the Ode was sung, the following Prayer was made by Rev. Mr. HOVEY :

Oh, Lord ! Thou art God ! God over all, and blessed for evermore. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to Thy dominion there is no end. Thy power is omnipotent, and Thy presence is omnipresence. We render to Thee our sincere and hearty thanks, that we are still the monuments of Thy mercy ; that we are still permitted to exist in this world of hope, of light and life. We thank Thee, our Father, for all that Thou art doing for us ; for all the improvements that Thou art carrying forward in this world ; for all that Thou hast done, and for all that Thou wilt do ; for displays of Thy grace and mercy. We pray that Thou wilt cause Thy blessing to descend upon us, and all the exercises of this occasion. We pray that Thou wilt be with us, and smile upon us, and do us good. We pray that we may have hearts to trace to that goodness and mercy every improvement that takes place in the world ; and as we see around us so much that is calculated to bless our race, and to make us comfortable and happy, to advance us in civilization—we pray that we may trace it all to Thy goodness, to Thy mercy, and to render to Thee according to all the benefits that we receive. It is not because we deserve these blessings, that Thou dost bestow them. It is of Thy rich grace and mercy through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Oh, let Thy blessing descend, and Thy banner over us be love. We pray that Thou wilt cause us to thrive under Thy shadow, and here to receive the blessings that we need from Infinite Fulness.

These favors we ask, O Lord our God ! in the name of Him who taught us to pray, saying : “ Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name ; Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us day by day our daily bread. Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.”

A Grand Chorus was next sung. Everybody in the immense audience could hear the music, while not one in ten knew whether the prayer or half the speeches were made in the English, French, Turkish, or Russian language.

MR. BARNUM'S SPEECH.

After the Chorus, the following speech was made by the President of the Association, P. T. BARNUM :

FELLOW-CITIZENS :—This is *our* Congress of Peace. This is our popular Coronation of Labor. We leave it to others to erect their

monuments to the sword. Let them blazon in the pages of history the "fossil poetry" of names written only in human blood, and crown with laurel only the genius of destruction. We have a prouder and holier mission. Be it ours to dedicate this temple to Human Industry—to celebrate the "peaceful victories" of Toil and Skill—to place among the imperishable records of the earth this living eulogy of a wiser age, and a Christian people. My friends! this is eminently a "Christian," as well as a Crystal Palace—for God himself was the first artificer. He ennobled Labor by His own original example: and in setting up this Altar to Universal Production, we have but made a finite copy of His infinite work, and done it up in glass and iron, as a gift-hymn for worshipping Humanity. Instead of smoking battle-fields, we have the furnace, with its breath of fire, moulding the stubborn iron to its work of peace. The merry ring of the anvil is our substitute for the rolling drum. The gigantic steam engine supplies us with creative thunder; while God's own lightning, snatched from its sun-path in the sky, and harnessed to the car of trade, telegraphs our thoughts from pole to pole, and speaks in every tongue the eloquent language of Industry. Every age has its hero. We must have ours. The Past points to its Bonaparte and Wellington. The public debts of nations live to plead their claims to immortality as benefactors of mankind. The Present whispers in the ear of Fame the names of Morse, of Hoe, of Collins, and their compeers; and it *will* syllable yet the name of many a gifted representative of Labor, with whom this occasion has surrounded me. These, and such as these, are *our* heroes. To Morse we owe that "still, small voice," which murmurs along its prison-wires our slightest command, and mocks at time and distance. Collins has bridged for us the turbulent ocean, with a palace-way of boats. Hoe has accomplished what Archimedes could not, and in the Monster Press, has given us the fulcrum and the lever that, spite of tyrant voice and hope, now moves the world, while the builders of this universe of thoughts, reserving for us the culminating glory of the age, have taught us how to bind together the East and the West in the cords of mutual production; to unite the ambition of the sweltering tropics and the shivering North, in one grand effort to produce a home where every man may find a welcome for the product of his head and hands, regardless of his hue, his country, or his religion. In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, let me mention, that the Directors of this Association, in establishing the Crystal Palace as a permanent institution, have resolved to make the occasion an interesting epoch in the memory of the inventors and artificers generally throughout the world. With this view, I have been authorized to announce the following incentives to the development of mechanical ingenuity and creative art:

The Association offers a prize of a Gold Medal, costing one thousand dollars, or its equivalent in cash, if preferred, for the most useful and valuable Invention or Discovery which shall have been patented or entered in the United States Patent Office, during the year closing the first day of December next, provided only that the said Invention or Discovery, by specimen, model, or product, shall have, meantime, been exhibited in the Crystal Palace.

Second, A Gold Medal, costing one thousand dollars, or its equivalent in cash, to the Artist whose work, having been exhibited in the Crystal Palace during the three months closing on the first day of December next, shall be deemed most worthy of such testimonial.

Third, Five medals, costing one hundred dollars each, or their equivalent in cash, if preferred, to the five inventors, whose inventions in the various departments of useful arts, patented, entered, or caveated within the year, and exhibited in the Crystal Palace as aforesaid, shall be adjudged most worthy of such testimonials next after the one adjudged most excellent, as aforesaid.

Fourth, Five medals, costing one hundred dollars each, or their equivalent in plate or cash, if preferred, to the five artists whose original works, completed since the first opening of the Crystal Palace, and exhibited therein as aforesaid, shall be adjudged most worthy of such distinction next after the most excellent, as aforesaid.

The ablest and most respectable Jury or Juries that can be selected, shall be appointed to examine critically the several articles exhibited, and award the prizes mentioned. The Directors will proceed, as early as practicable, to select such Jury or Jurors, and hope to be able to announce the appointments on or before the first day of June next. I am also authorized to announce, that the Association will, in their discretion, award medals or diplomas to the exhibitors or inventors of such articles as possess merit sufficient to entitle them to such distinction. By stimulants like these, ladies and gentlemen, we hope to bring forth our new race of heroes—heroes in art—conquerors upon the battle-field of labor—victors in the sublime struggle of handicraft and intellect with ignorance and inertia. We hope to make such heroes of you, industrials, who listen to me—to immortalize *you* in the immortalization of our age and nation. And, if we cannot have you canonized in Notre Dame or St. Paul's, we shall find you a resting-place in the cathedral-cloisters of the human heart, wherever Genius may be known, or Science may win a hopeful idolater. (Mr. Barnum was frequently interrupted by loud applause.)

I cannot conclude these remarks, without reading to you a short extract from a morning paper, printed this morning in the city of New York, in which our Directors most unanimously coincide :

“We trust the day is not distant, when the several trades of our city will invite their brethren of the vicinity to meet them for an evening's instruction and recreation in the Crystal Palace—when the Carpenters and House-Joiners, on an evening designated by their organized society or societies in this city—the Iron-workers on another—the Masons and Plasterers on another—the workers in Leather on another—the Firemen perhaps on another—shall assemble with their wives and children at the Crystal Palace, to examine its objects of interest, extend and improve their mutual acquaintanceships, listen to an Address (if they choose) by some speaker of their own choice, and thus combine instruction with rational and elevating enjoyment. All that the Crystal Palace has yet been, is but a beginning of what it shall be, if our citizens, whom it is calculated to benefit, shall see fit to manifest a proper interest in its well-being.”

We have great satisfaction in adding, that the public press throughout the Union, have given their co-operation to this magnificent enterprise, with, perhaps, a possible single exception in the city of New York.

This speech, particularly the part suggestive of visits from all the trades of the city, in which they shall invite their brethren in other cities to join them, and thus become mutually acquainted, gave the audience great satisfaction.

Mr. BARNUM's speech was followed by the soft music of the flute, by M. DROUET, which, notwithstanding the immense space it had to fill, gave the audience extreme delight.

JUDGE CAMPBELL'S SPEECH.

The next speech was by Judge W. W. CAMPBELL. He was introduced by Mr. Barnum, and the first few words of his address led the audience to think that in it they would find but little to interest them. How they were disappointed, may be judged by the following words:

“ . . . PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—It is recorded in ancient mythology, that when Vulcan cleaved the head of Jupiter, Minerva stepped forth, full grown, and clad in armor. She struck the earth with her spear, and the olive-tree sprouted. The loom, the spindle, and the embroidering needle, were also her attributes, and with her own hands she made the dresses of the gods. The painter, the sculptor, and the architect, with the philosopher, the poet, and the orator, acknowledged her as their tutelary deity. She was the Goddess of Wisdom. Temples were erected in her honor, and the ruins of the Parthenon, which contained her statue by Phidias, and was dedicated to her, still look down upon all that remains of the Athens of old. This gorgeous temple, in which we are now assembled, is our *Palace of Minerva*, raised in honor of *Labor and of Art*. Our youthful imaginations were taxed to comprehend the wonderful structure reared by the genius of the lamp of Aladdin. But we have lived to see the embodiment of the romance of our boyhood; to see fiction become reality; to see how Labor and Art have formed and fashioned it, and thus given

“To airy nothings, a local habitation, and a name.”

But while this Palace is a beautiful, it is also a stern reality. The intellects which designed, and the hands which wrought it, operated in obedience to that command, imposed upon us at the very commencement of our race. Labor in some form or other, intellectual or physical, is not only the duty, but it is the great necessity of man. All the works of nature proclaim this law. The rolling ocean, the running stream, the growing plants, and the moving air, are all teachers of labor. The waters stagnate, and the air becomes noxious, and the earth barren, without motion and change. Nature revels and renews herself in the abundance of her life and activity. The great Author of the works of Nature, the Creator of us and of all things, rested, it is said, from the work which he had done, and pronounced it good; and the same command which enjoined an observ-

ance of a day of rest also required from us, the creatures of His moral government, continued labor for the remaining time, and promised as a reward the seed-time and the harvest, the genial rain and sunshine. Labor thus exampled and commanded, may well be said to be dignified. Our attention to-day is chiefly devoted to physical labor as directed by the intellectual. We are surrounded by art, which is but the united production of the intellectual and physical labor of man. Gathered under this crystal roof are some of the most rare and beautiful specimens of man's handiwork. Here the representative labor of most of the civilized nations of the earth may be seen. In this view our objects in this day's commemoration have a peculiar interest. A Congress of Nations has been often suggested, and to a certain extent carried out. Combinations of armies and confederation of States have been witnessed. The Grecian youth from all parts of their country assembled at the Olympic Games, and exhibited feats of strength and contended in the race; and occasionally the poet and the historian then first published the productions of their pens. Separate states have had their Fairs of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts; but a fair where the representative labor of the world should be gathered was novel, and owed its existence to our age of peace and enterprise. The philanthropist fondly hoped that a new era had thus been inaugurated, and that "lands intersected by a narrow frith" would no longer "abhor each other," and "mountains interposed" no more "make enemies of nations." If perchance the war now commenced in Europe shall become general, the "World's Fairs" will be remembered and cherished as memorials of a period when all the nations of the earth came together and contended, not to see who could do the others most harm, but who could exhibit the best productions of Labor and Art—who could best illustrate the triumphs of peace. Even in war, let the Crystal Palaces of Europe stand; let the rays of the morning sun salute them, and the rays of the evening sun gild them; let them remain as emblems of peace and good will to men; and let the sojourner and stranger even from hostile lands find in them a home and a place of refuge, and be safe from the avenger of blood.

This Palace of ours brings up in strong contrast the present and the past. The world was old when here our fathers first made the wild woods ring with their "hymns of lofty cheer." When they first touched these shores, it was as if they had landed on a new planet, and they styled the country emphatically the "New World." New varieties of plants and unknown races of animals were presented to view, while man was equally strange in complexion, language, and institutions. They had homes to erect in the wilderness. They had to battle with the elements, and to dispute dominion over the land with the Indian and the beasts of prey. Present wants and the struggles for the necessary means of subsistence left little time for the cultivation of the refinements of civilized life. The land from whence they came was far off across tempestuous oceans, and only at long intervals came news of the homes, and the kindred and friends they had left behind. The forests were to be hewn down and the earth made to produce her fruits, and the axe, the hoe, and the ploughshare were the instruments which they wielded with skill. But standing here this day

and looking around on the varied productions of art, the contributions from different portions of our own wide-spread country, and from various and far-off nations of the earth, we are struck with the marvellous changes which time has wrought. Modern discoveries and civilization bring the ends of the world together; and judging from what is now before us, it might be difficult to determine whether we are assembled in the chief city of the western hemisphere, or in one of the principal capitals of Europe. If, in those peaceful contests for supremacy with the Old World, we have been found wanting in the ornamental, but not in the useful—if in these modern Olympic games of nations—we have not gained the principal victory, we have at least shown that we have the strength of muscle, and that time and experience alone are necessary to enable us to reach the goal in triumph, and win the prize. This re-inauguration to-day is an earnest of renewed efforts to press forward in the race, and to emblazon if possible the motto of the great Roman conqueror, *veni, vidi, vici*, upon the American standard of *Labor and of Art*.

This speech was followed by a chorus by the Harmonic Society. This was followed by a piece of music by DROUET, executed by L. DROUET, Jr.

THE REV. T. L. CUYLER'S SPEECH.

The following speech of the REV. T. L. CUYLER was received with unbounded applause. Mr. CUYLER said :

You will pardon me, Mr. President, if I feel some embarrassment to-day, for it is the first time that I ever spoke in a Palace or ever took part in a coronation. I am very proud to stand up in this royal assemblage, where the men are all native sovereigns, and the queens are the queens of beauty, who rule us with the sceptre of domestic love. I am proud to greet these ambassadors who are here present; they are not titled noblemen from the Old World, but ambassadors from the work-shop, wearing the grand cross of the Legion of Labor—the men,

“ Whose brows are wet with honest sweat,
Who earn whate'er they can.”

Whatever may be said of former exhibitions, here it shall not be said that you this morning have made the mistake of omitting the “Prince of Denmark” from the play of Hamlet. It shall not be said to-day that the genius of American Labor comes to his own and his own receives him not. It cannot be said that gowns and epaulettes are taking the place of the workman's frock, or that the sword is driving away the plough and the hammer. Artisans of New York! The building that covers us is the most graceful structure on this continent. It is a perfect dream of beauty. They tell us that it surpasses its European models. But beautiful as is this fairy work of glass and metal, superb as swells yonder dome above our heads, blazing at night like a minia-

ture sky, yet this building has its chief beauty to me in being one of the world's grandest *temples of Peace*. While the armies of Europe are measuring their strength on the battle-field, the soldiers of peace shall in this place measure their skill in the productions of art. On this spot the States of our firm Union shall compete in generous rivalry. We meet to welcome here the shrewd sons of New-England, the land where labor has always been honored, from the days when she sent Roger Sherman, the shoemaker, to Congress, down to the time when she made her ablest statesman out of the "little black Dan, who used to water the teamsters' horses" before his father's doorway in Salisbury. Here we meet to welcome the merry musicians of Lowell, who play on their cotton spindles to the tune of twenty millions a year, and who find the "waters of the Merrimac better than all the rivers of Damascus." Here we will exhibit the products of the Empire State, brought hither over the canals which her Clinton dug, and upon her steamers which her Fulton invented. We will levy contributions on Quaker Philadelphia, where Franklin pulled his press and Godfrey made his quadrants. We will send our greetings to Cincinnati, saying ho! send us the "Greek Slaves and the Fisher Boys" which your Powers has created; and we will say to Chicago, send us your "Virginia Reapers," which cut down the pride of John Bull; and to Carolina, send us the fruits of those fields over which Gen. Greene, the blacksmith, fought the battles of American freedom. And when the fairy Palace is full, and the genius of Art has beckoned hither her choicest treasures, when the Congress of nations shall meet here day by day, then shall America be able to vindicate herself from the unjust sneers and reproaches heaped upon her at the World's Exhibition in Hyde Park, two years ago. In closing, and in the presence of the man who has done so much for labor, let me say:

"Then let our toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming,
All honor to all handicraft,
To toiling men and women.

"Oh! workmen in your bright array,
Send out your free hosanna,
We celebrate *Saint Labor's day*
Beneath her starry banner."

This was followed by another performance by the band.

Mr. BARNUM now said he wished to introduce to the audience a celebrated *stranger*, by the name of HORACE GREELEY. Mr. Greeley was received by cheers of welcome. He said that he held in his hand the following letters, and read that from Dr. TYNG as a specimen of the spirit of the whole:

LETTERS.

FROM THE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG.

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY, *Monday, April 24, 1854.*

SIR: I should feel it to be a great honor and pleasure to aid in the reinauguration of the great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. In no aspect of our country or my fellowmen do I take a deeper interest, than in the elevation and

honor which the industry and skill of the laboring classes deserve and receive. Religion and virtue in the family of man are indissolubly bound to the industry and honorable labor of man. We cannot honor the labor of our freemen too highly, and ought not to esteem any remuneration which they actually earn, beyond their rights, or rightful claim. Better far employ the skill of men, and elevate their condition, and thus give them the spirit and the ability to elevate and support themselves and each other, than wait to relieve their necessities, from the abundance we may accumulate in their depression. The one scheme may suit the monarchical distinctions; the other ought to characterize the Republican independence and equality. I rejoice to see that the prospect of reopening of the Exhibition of Industry is so promising under your presiding care and effort. But I much regret that my engagements and probable absence from the City will necessarily prevent my uniting with you, in the exercises of the occasion. I am, Sir, your most ob't serv't, **STEPHEN H. TYNG.**

P. T. Barnum, Esq., N. Y.

FROM THE REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

BROOKLYN, *Tuesday, May 2, 1854.*

MY DEAR SIR: I should be happy to serve you and the Directors of the Crystal Palace, if it were in my power, but I have for the whole of Thursday another engagement of importance which cannot be postponed. Your note has just reached me, and I send a messenger immediately with this.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't, **GEO. W. BETHUNE**
P. T. Barnum, Esq.

FROM THE REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKS.

NEW-YORK, *Thursday, April 20, 1854.*

DEAR SIR: While I am much gratified at the improved prospects of the "Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," and heartily desire its prosperity, I am constrained by existing engagements respectfully to decline being one of the speakers at the reopening of the Crystal Palace on the 4th of May. It will not be in my power to be present on that occasion, and I am happy to know that you have secured the services of such gentlemen as will render any little aid I could render quite unnecessary.

Respectfully, **FRANCIS L. HAWKS.**
P. T. Barnum, Esq.

FROM THE REV. GEO. POTTS.

NEW-YORK, *May 1st, 1854.*

DEAR SIR: It would give me much pleasure to comply with the wish of the Directors of the Exhibition; but a previous and imperative public duty will call me away from home on Wednesday. I regret this the more, as I feel, in common with others, much interest in the success of the Exhibition.

Convey to the Directors my acknowledgments for the compliment they have paid me. Yours, respectfully, **GEO. POTTS.**

To P. T. Barnum, Esq., Pres't, &c., &c.

FROM PROF. B. SILLIMAN.

NEW-HAVEN, *May 2, 1854.*

GENTLEMEN: I feel honored by your kind invitation to be present on Thursday, at the reopening of the Crystal Palace.

I should have been very happy to attend, had not a public duty here assigned to that day interposed an insuperable obstacle.

I am much gratified that this grand enterprise has not been suffered to die out, and trust that the noble building, replete with the productions both of foreign and domestic skill, will remain as a permanent source of honor and benefit to our country. I remain, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obliged servant, **B. SILLIMAN, Senr.**

MR. GREELEY'S SPEECH.

HORACE GREELEY prefaced his address by observing that it had been asked why the workingmen were not present as speakers. It was the desire of the Committee that speakers of that class should take part in the day's proceedings; but they were not forthcoming at the Committee's desire. He would be glad to see the workingmen naming an evening, and appointing a speaker of their own class, or not, and the platform would be gladly assigned to them. He then spoke as follows :

The dignity of Labor—the elevation of Labor—the inherent worth and desert of Labor—these are topics on which there has been some rhetoric expended ere now. There are said to be efforts from time to time put forth, termed Fourth-of-July Orations, in which these points are urged with more fervor and poetry than originality. Far be it from me to question the dignity or the intrinsic worth of Labor : on the contrary, I insist 'that the laborer is worthy of his hire'—that he ought to receive that which he has honestly striven for and fairly earned, whether it be a wreath of laurel, a country's plaudit, or a silver dollar. But this I *do* maintain, here and every where, that so long as the Laboring Class cherish no hearty devotion to nor genuine pride in their several callings, but pursue them only because they must work or starve, and because they can find no easier way of gaining a livelihood, all that is said in laudation of Labor, its dignity and its eminent worth, will be out of place and fallacious on any other day than the Fourth-of-July aforesaid. For there is nothing in Toil of any kind that ennobles and dignifies its votary, unless it be the motive which impels him to pursue it. He who digs ditches for a dollar a day, may deserve all praise for devoting the money thus earned to the relief of distress or even the thorough education of his own children; but for the work itself he deserves just the dollar a day, and generally takes good care not to merit more.

Yet the elevation of Labor is no fanatical nor fantastic idea, if sought through the elevation of the laborer's impulses and aims. In spite of the most indisputable Arithmetic, proving War a scourge and the soldier's trade a relic of barbarism, the world has always honored, and does to-day honor, the volunteer fighting for his native soil more than the digger who cultivates and beautifies it. It does so, not because it believes fighting a better business than spading, for it does not; but because there is a chance, if not a strong presumption, that the soldier chose his vocation from a nobler impulse than the ploughman's. Burns touched the key-note of true and noble aspiration when he avowed that it had long been his secretly cherished, inspiring hope, that he might at length be able to write some song that would do honor to his dear native land. Work done in this spirit, though on a tailor's board, is ennobled and elevating; while that which is impelled by selfishness is base and ignoble, though performed in some Imperial Kremlin or Presidential chair.

What the Crystal Palace has to do for Labor, then, is to dignify it by enlarging its conceptions and elevating its aims. To-day the apprentice or workman in our City looks forward to the end of his day's work as the beginning of its enjoyment. He throws down the implements of his labor the moment the clock strikes six, and makes haste to prepare for and indulge in the evening's recreations. And, in order that these may be recreations, it is essential that they remind him of any thing else than his work. The raree-show, the theatre, the negro melodists—too often the grog-shop, and perhaps the gaming-house also—secure his nightly attention; while hardly one in a hundred devotes the evening habitually to such observations or studies as would fit him to discharge more admirably the duties of the day. In short, the great majority of our Laboring Population endure existence through the hours of Labor only that they may really live after those hours shall have passed.

We are bound to change all this. It is high time the artisan's talk through the day shall relate no longer to the tragedian's death-scene, the comedian's jokes or the dancer's pirouettes of last night, but to the newest invention or discovery in his own or some kindred pursuit, or in the science which underlies them both. It is high time the apprentice should cogitate through the day, not on the possibility of borrowing money wherewith to spend the evening at the Hippodrome, but rather on the practicability of his effecting an improvement in some implement or process incident to his vocation, which shall diminish labor, increase production, and cause him to be recognized as a benefactor of his kind. And this, though not the work of a day, shall yet be accomplished.

We Americans are a great people—in our own conceit. In our blind confidence in our ability to do every thing better than any body else, we forget to ask why it is, if our artisans are so intelligent and skilful, that we receive, not our fashions merely, but our delicate and tasteful fabrics also, in good part from Paris—nor why it is that, while we beat the world in steamboats, we had no edifices until the building of this Palace, that a European critic would not regard as either servile plagiarisms or beneath contempt. And even of this Palace, the names of the architects were evidently not fashioned for or moulded by Yankee mouths. Jefferson pronounced our architecture the acme of bad taste and wretched execution, and it holds its own very well to this day. Subjugated, trampled, impoverished Italy would not endure it. Across the Arno, as it rushes from the girdling Apennines, through the city of Florence, is thrown a bridge which has already withstood the floods and storms of four centuries, and is safe to outlast any bridge yet built in America by at least a hundred years. Where are our future architects now learning to build such bridges as this? Nay, where are the five thousand masons and carpenters of our City proffered opportunity and instruction which shall qualify them for erecting better houses than those nightly crumbling and crashing about our ears?

The Crystal Palace, should it fulfil the expectations of its friends, is to the Industry and Art of our City and its vicinity what the People's College is designed to be to the Agriculture and general Industry of our State. I trust the day is not distant when five thousand me-

chanics shall nightly assemble here to listen to elucidations of Architecture, Mechanics and Manufacturing Industry, and of the principles and facts of Science which underlie them all. I trust that Chemistry, Geology, Metallurgy, and the kindred sciences, are here to be so illustrated, by the help of the treasures which this edifice contains, or will gradually collect, that even the frivolous and the pleasure-seeking will be gradually weaned from his unedifying haunts and habits, and drawn hither to understand and acquire and enjoy. It was but recently that Brown University awoke to the consciousness that she owed duties, by virtue of her endowments and position, to others than the fortunate few who were able to devote years wholly to her inculcations; and since then a course of Lectures under her auspices to the journey-men jewellers of Providence (the emporium of the manufacture of jewelry in America) have been heard by large audiences of those intelligent artisans with equal profit and gratification. So it may be here, not for one class only but for all—nay, it *shall*, it *must* be. If this Exhibition be but sustained and cherished through its infancy as it deserves to be, the day cannot be distant when the geologist, the chemist, the instructor in almost any natural science or art, may find here facilities for elucidating the truths of Nature, which can nowhere in America be paralleled. In that day refining, spiritualizing Music shall vie with Painting, Sculpture, and every other form of appeal to man's sense of the Beautiful, in rendering the evening reunions of the Laboring Class of our City under this glorious dome, such seasons of blended instruction and enjoyment as the world has not yet known. And thus shall this grand enterprise move on, new fields of effort, new possibilities of achievement, presenting themselves to its managers, as the steady and generous patronage of the public shall enable them to provide more liberally for the satisfaction of every intellectual want, until thousands shall come hither from distant States and Cities, not merely to see but to study, listen and acquire, and until this noble edifice, vast as it is, shall be too small for the million trophies of inventive or artistic triumph which, notwithstanding the opening of Exhibitions like ours in other cities, shall be here treasured and displayed. Aid us, friends of Industry and Progress! to render this no flight of fancy but an assured and beneficent realization!

MR. O'GORMAN'S SPEECH.

After the applause subsided which followed Mr. GREELEY's speech, RICHARD O'GORMAN was introduced, and said:

MR. PRESIDENT: I esteem myself much honored by your invitation to take part in the ceremonies of this day. I was not born in this city, nor educated here. The best part of my life has been spent far away. Yet, New York has been a very happy home to me for some years past. I can say, in all sincerity, that I love it, and regard, with fond and grateful interest, any enterprise by which its welfare and its honor can be promoted. The relations of cities to the countries in which they are placed should be, in all respects, those of sympathy and mutual support. There should be between them a commerce of

intelligence, a constant interchange of modes and habits of thought, by means of which both may be strengthened and enriched. In the country is found, more frequently perhaps, that stern patriotism, that uncompromising love of fatherland, by which, in times of peril, great evils are averted or great principles sustained. The bustle and turmoil of city life too often engross the mind in petty objects, and corrupt it to merely selfish ends; while, in the quiet homes of simple men, a noble enthusiasm often dwells—an angel visitor, unrecognized and unvalued, until, in some great hour, the celestial presence manifests itself, and guides and inspires the aroused nation. This treasure of purer impulse and more generous purpose, does the country keep in store. A great city, on the other hand, should be the importer and distributor of all that genius can create, or quickened intellect discover, or skill execute. It should be a storehouse of information; and, as the sun collects moisture from the sea, and distils it in the clouds, and scatters it far inland in fertilizing showers, so should a city gather knowledge from abroad, and condense it and diffuse it throughout the land. Such trade should there be, in every healthy community, between the cities and the fields. To facilitate, increase, and enrich it, this edifice has arisen, itself a miracle of art, to be the repository of what wonders of labor and skill men's hands have wrought in these days. It is not now, I am well aware, that New York begins to fulfil its duties by this State and this Nation. It has provided schools for the young—well stocked libraries for all—books in plenty; books for the theologian—books for the lawyer—books from whose pages the poet may draw inspiration, or the statesman learn the story of other lands, and conjure up the dead past to speak to him, and give him counsel of the future. For all these men, books are sufficient teachers. They are to them the tokens and the signs of an intellectual brotherhood—the currency of an ample and unreserved interchange of thought, by which they teach and learn of one another. But for the artisan—the worker in metal, or stone, or wood—books will not suffice. What his fellow-workers did long ago, or what they are doing in distant lands to-day, no wordy description can ever make clear to him. He must see the work—the thing done before his eyes, and study it and compare the excelling performance with his own; or else his craft remains still a mystery and a secret to him. Thus must the craftsman learn. Thus, in this great school, can he learn. He need not travel beyond these walls in quest of knowledge of his craft. Here, assembled under this roof, are the wonders wrought by their skilful hands, the master-workers of all times and from all places, speak to him—point to what they have done, and what he may do, arouse in him a noble ambition, and teach him how labor, guided by taste, can arise to the dignity of art. I know, Sir, that this nineteenth century is a highly popular century, and I mean in no way to detract from the credit due to it, when I venture to suggest that in some respects it may have still to learn. It is, no doubt, a progressive century, a fast century. Men live fast and die fast, and work fast and think fast, and learn fast and move fast. We have fast horses, and fast ships, and fast men. I am even informed, fast women too. *Speed* seems to be the prime object. To convey men quickly to their work, and then to

get the work quickly done, are feats on which this age especially plumes itself—and with justice too. All this is very good. To have conquered distance, and broken down its checks and obstacles—to have enabled the worker to set himself with ease and rapidity by the side of his work, is surely great gain. Yet this is not all. There is still something more, and I often question whether, after all, other and more modest centuries have not had better objects and done better things. Slow centuries, old foggy centuries one might call them, yet very sure for all that; when men labored not so fast, but well—when the work done was well done, and nothing left their hands that was not perfect of its kind—a true expression of a soul of symmetry and beauty. In such days they built the Parthenon, and set it high on a rock, to be for ever a sign and a trophy of Athens in the eyes of an admiring world. In the shadow of that temple's presiding beauty grew up a city of fair women and brave men. Rich in freedom—rich in every treasure of genius, of science and of art, its soldiers were heroes, its statesmen philosophers, and its orators sages, from whose lips fell, in a language of unrivalled melody, the great thoughts that have since then agitated and inspired mankind. It was summer time with human intelligence, and it bloomed in the genial atmosphere of freedom. Patriotism was with the Athenian no occasional impulse, but a confirmed habit of soul. The glad earth repaid with smiles the care of the husbandman, and, from end to end, the little Republic blossomed like a rose. The land of Attica was lovely and beloved. So was it with Athens, while Athens still lived. At last her destiny was accomplished; the flower of civilization began to droop and wither. An hour came when hearts grew cold and hands grew weak. A Roman fleet was in her harbor, and Roman standards overtopped her walls. Even then, in that last hour of the nation's life, when Athenian swords could not save Athenian liberties, Athens, the city of temples and palaces, stood still unconquered and unharmed. The victors, awed and softened in the presence of that unimagined excellence of art which on all sides met their eyes, stayed their hands, forgot their fury in admiration, and spared to Greece and to the world those stately monuments of symmetry and grace, on which men still gaze with reverence and delight. It is known to most of you how art, led captive, in the train of Roman conquest, toiled for new masters, and taught them to raise edifices, whose massive splendor fitly represented the majestic power of the undisputed lords of the earth. Rome fell before the storm of northern invasion, and art sickened and lay long as if dead—a spell-bound Ariel, mute, motionless, and forgotten. Christianity was the Prospero that untied the spell and bade the delicate spirit again go forth in life and freedom. Since then, art has been a wanderer, travelling always westward—visiting city after city—beautifying each, and leaving some fair memorial of her stay. Once again, a fearful future lowers over Europe. Once again, we hear the distant surging of that fierce torrent that desolated her cities and fair fields long ago. Again, the banks of the Don and the Vistula resound to the clang of arms and the tramp of squadrons hurrying to the South. Again, the gentle spirit takes wing, now for a longer flight, and crosses the ocean, and alights on your shores. With kindly hand bid her welcome; and

in this fairy structure let her find a temple and a home. Let this institution be permanent in your City ; erect in it a school of native art ; collect under this roof the worthiest works of painting and sculpture within your reach ; learn architecture of Greece and Rome. Let Pompeii teach your citizens how the simplest articles of household use can be beautified by a garb of elegance and grace. The eyes of your citizens, accustomed to forms of artistic beauty, will grow critical ; and a correct taste will from this centre radiate and be diffused. Some may think all this of small importance. The tastes and habits of a people are all important. You seek to reform the drunkard, to check a base and degrading appetite, to civilize by law. You will fail, unless you supply the public with pure and refined luxuries in place of the fatal pleasures you snatch from their lips. Create in your citizens a new appetite, an instinct for the beautiful ; teach them in the quick appreciation of artistic excellence to find a new treasure, an unfailing delight. All the world is ahead of you in this effort, and beckons you to follow. Paris has its Louvre, London has its National Gallery. Scarce a petty duchy or little province on the shores of the Mediterranean but can show its treasures of art. My own native city, Dublin, has its School of Art, in which many an aspirant has found the road to excellence. And shall kings and dukes and petty potentates be more munificent than this people ? Shall they do all this for their subjects, and this Republic, " heir of all the ages, foremost in the files of Time," be less generous in the education of its citizens ? No, sir. I do not believe it. This enterprise shall go on and prosper. This City, as it grows in wealth, will grow too in beauty and civilization ; and here on this continent, of whose existence Athenian mariner never dreamt, another and statelier Athens will arise. There is nothing permanent under the sun. The new is ever built out of the ruins of the old, and change overmasters us all. A time will come when this great Republic, in whose growing might we now rejoice, will have passed like a dream away. When its projects and its achievements will be remembered only in history, and afford subject for a winter's tale. Commerce will then have chosen some other home, and this island, wherein now we stand, be again lonely and desolate, as it was long ago, when the red Indian paddled across its encircling waters in his light canoe. Then, should some stranger come hither to muse among ruins, or trace the outlines of what was once the capital city and the pride of the Western World, let him find durable monuments—majestic even in their decay—to testify to your power. Monuments of symmetry and strength, such as become a race fit to govern and instruct mankind ; and let him take away with him this lesson, which all the past has taught to us, that art wants no king for a patron, no palace for a dwelling, but that it thrives best and accomplishes most when welcomed by the kindly hand of honest labor, and cherished in the hearts and homes of a free people.

Unfortunately the audience, many of whom had been standing for three hours, begun to be uneasy, and the foot-falls of thousands of feet, though many of them were of the Chinese pat-

tern, tended to drown the speaker's voice to such a degree, that he could be heard by only a mere tithe of the throng. Fortunately, not only those who were present and could not hear, but millions of others, can read to-day what was said yesterday in the Crystal Palace. Yet these lost much, for though we can print the words, by the aid of the phonographer's skill, as they fell from the speakers' mouths, yet types cannot give the effect of the spoken words. Some of the beautiful sentiments of Mr. O'GORMAN'S speech gave the audience great pleasure.

MR. J. B. BACON'S SPEECH.

The next speaker presented to the audience was J. B. BACON, who said :

At this auspicious reunion of those who represent the labor of the brain and the labor of the sinew, I am requested briefly to speak for that calling which unites both of these great forces—for the *Engineer*—for that profession which is the embodiment of all progress—that profession which conveys the true idea of the nineteenth century—that profession which has stamped its broad arrow upon this age, and will brand its iron humanity upon the years to come. The queen of this festival is the Genius of America, and the engineer claims his position as her true and trusty Iron Duke—her right-hand supporter. It is peculiarly fitting that at this Re-inauguration of the Crystal Palace—the pride of the Continent, and the Palace of the people—that the profession which so eminently combines labor, science, and art, should have its due position. On all other public occasions that I remember, the artist, the author, the architect, the army, the navy, and the so-called learned professions have had their places, their due places of honor. But the engineer was forgotten, or else politely received the “cut direct.” This is all contrary to the spirit of the age. The name of this age is Progress. The engineer is the embodiment of Progress. In peace, as in war, the engineer precedes. He is first in the field. He reconnoitres, he maps, he plans, he proves with compass and with square. He seizes the standard, mounts the breach, and when he has given the first cheer of victory, the reserve of the schoolmen, the artist, the author, the architect, and the heroes of the closet and the office, safely follow, and comfortably enjoy the fruits of his daring. Former centuries were the ages of the schoolmen—the age of laborious thought and cultivated talent. To-day is the day of tact and action—the day of the engineer. Former centuries were the days of coaches, post-horses, and lazy sails. To-day claims as her motors, steam, caloric, railroads, and steamships. The engineer is the true representative of Progress. Again, to remember him, is due to the spirit of Young America. The schools delve among the ruins of the past. They are the old fogies of intellect. They copy from the old masters. They live and breathe among old forms, old orders, and old thoughts. The architect cannot venture beyond the Corinthian. The artist must still go to Rome for inspiration. The student must cling to his *hic, hæc,*

hoc, and his *ho he to*—and the author must stick to his scissors. They are all still slaves to old masters. Engineers alone have found out a new path. They are free, unfettered, have dared the elements in their course. Earth, air, and water are their field of action. The slender wire arch that spans the abyss—the racing, roaring, iron horse and the swift steamer are the trophies of their triumph. They are the true representatives of Young America.—Young America is original, fresh, and new as the spring grass, “bound to swear in the words of no master,” free, bold, and all-conquering. Young America seeks no copy; she sets her type *directly* from her own fast thought; she draws her inspiration from her *own* pictures of “flood and field.” Her own humanity is her life-school. The American continent is enough for her and enough for the engineer. Is he not the man of Young America? ay, and the man of the Crystal Palace? [Applause.] The true feature of this exhibition should be originality—freshness—freedom from old. It must close its eyes to London, and Dublin, and Paris. It must be American; the Palace of the twentieth century. Let others have the nineteenth. [Applause.] *This* must stride ahead, and be “a new thing under the sun.” It has already been *be-artisted*, *be-authored*, *be-architected*. It is now, we hope, to be *be-engineered*. Whence did the engineer arise? What is his history? Is he one of the O. F. M.—our first-men? What are his antecedents—his family—his genealogy? Why “he neber was born.” He came like the electric spark—at the call of the years that were ripe for him. But what word of cheer and welcome did he have? That which the man of progress ever hath—*none*. RAMSAY, and FITCH, and FULTON! What cheer and welcome had ye, bold engineers? Oft sinking, yet ye rose, and the round world rejoices in the heaven of your triumph. And so too shall ERICSSON arise and be immortal. Finally, what is the engineer? What manner of man is he? The engineer is a duplex animal. Like other men, he hath an outer life and an inner life. In his outward and physical manifestations he breathes the free, fresh air, and bares his bosom to the glowing sun and beating storm on land and sea. Some of his frequent peculiarities are (unpoetically speaking) muddy boots and a red face, of most un-Broadway hue, caught from the summer sun or the boiler fire. Politically he belongs to that great and popular association to whose use we have this day dedicated this Palace as a Lodge Room—the Order of “Pully off Your Coat and Rolly up Your Sleeves.” [Great Applause.] In his inner life, his spiritual manifestations, he is a man of triangles, polygons, tangents, secants and sines, and sometimes of very eccentric ellipses. He dislikes crooked lines, save and except that he has a most delicate appreciation of the line of beauty. [Applause.] If it be the province of the artist to evolve forms of beauty, so is it the occupation of the engineer. If the author be conversant with the graces of rhetoric—“with thoughts that breathe and words that burn”—the engineer claims equal responsibilities. If the architect hath reared the stately column and the noble arch, to these, too, the engineer can point as his own. And he can say, “These men of science, with their algebraic signs and logarithmic mysteries, the alchemists of this age, why they are not my fathers, they are but my brothers.”

Memont, Latrobe, Jervis, Ericsson, Mifflin, Trautvine, Haupt!—these are names that are known wherever a tripod has pierced the earth, or a square root been extracted. [Applause.] The true engineer must think all, know all, and do all. His creations must combine strength, spirituality, stability, beauty, utility. He must represent labor and art. He must be the mechanic and the artist. In short, he must be the Admirable Crichton of our day. Around me I see many who have done good service under the Excelsior flag of the American Engineer. These are the appropriate guests of this Palace of the strong arm and the flashing intellect. On this day, and in this place, at least the engineer has not been forgotten—he has not received the “cut direct.” No! for he who now engineers the destinies of this Crystal Palace Association knows that Mr. President Barnum might as well have *cut himself*.

It will be understood from the reading of this excellent speech, that it came from the mouth of a civil engineer.

After a piece by DODWORTH'S Band,

Mr. CHARLES BUTLER read the following letter from the Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS :

FROM ERASTUS BROOKS.

NEW YORK, *Wednesday, May, 3, 1854.*

GENTLEMEN: It would give me great pleasure to fulfil the part of the day's engagement set against my name in the ceremonies appointed for the re-inauguration of the Crystal Palace, but for an indisposition which makes it necessary that I should leave the City for a few days to recruit my health.

I rejoice at the brighter auspices of the Crystal Palace, and trust that better days await its future exhibitions. It is not alone as a citizen of New York, that I am happy at the new life which the managers have breathed upon a dying enterprise, but my gratification springs rather from the pride which I feel as an American in those exhibitions of Nature and Art, which speak so powerfully for the climate, genius and industry of our country. We have passed from a period of time when alarm was felt in England, lest an American colony should be able to manufacture *a hob nail* for herself, to a season when our countrymen are able to win prizes upon English soil, and in a World's Crystal Palace, for the most useful inventions known either to the terrors of war, or the benign influences of peace. All is promising in the retrospect, and as it is not the nature of our people to look backward in despair, or forward without hope, so the future reveals only the prospects of still greater advancement in science, art and labor.

As there should be harmony in a perfect piece of music, and symmetry in a perfect piece of Architecture, so in a country like ours, where genius is unrestrained, and freedom only regulated by reason, there ought to be no full satisfaction until our country is alike perfect in the characters of its people, and in all its creations of mind. Labor and capital should be associated without envy or pride on the part of those who enjoy the one or perform the other. Between commerce, manufactures, and agriculture there should be a generous rivalry, but no jealousy. The interior as the producing, the town as the consuming, and the seaboard as the shipping interest, should,

“Like kindred drops be mingled into one.”

I would have been glad of an opportunity to have shown that, however distant and diversified the sources of all these great objects and pursuits of life, in the end, like the meeting of the waters, from the far-off mountain, hill-side and ravine, they flow on in one harmonious whole until they reach the common end designed by a wise and good Providence.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for your kind invitation to be present at the ceremonies of the day, and regretting my inability to attend, I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ERASTUS BROOKS.

To Messrs. WHITE and HILTON, Com. of Invitation.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SPEECH.

Mr. BARNUM now introduced the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who said :

As the President of the Association has restricted me to a ten minutes' speech, I thought it necessary to measure it first, and so I have put it down. For if a man is to speak without notes, and upon the impulse of an occasion, and especially such an occasion as this, you might as well in the midst of a fire ask an engineer to throw just one quart of the water upon the building as to ask the speaker to confine himself to just ten minutes ; for in the inspiration of the moment he cannot tell exactly when he will stop, any more than a lad, when a horse runs away with him, as he undertakes to ride him to water, can tell when he will hold up. If there were nothing in the Crystal Palace but a show for curiosity, and a commercial operation by which stockholders seek a dividend, and business men seek to draw to New York the largest possible number of buyers, I should not take the trouble to say a word on this occasion. But I regard this institution (for such I trust it now is) as having very important relations to the welfare of our country, *morally and politically*. A nation's wealth consists in its citizens—their *quality* and their *power*. It is not how wise and how strong a few are, but how wise and how strong the whole bulk of citizenship is. We have in America but one single distinctive thing as compared with old and refining nations. *We have a people*. Our theory of Government assumes that political power resides in the people—in the separate individuals of the whole of society. This is not the theory alone of Government—it is *the fact*. Our people are strong by intelligence, by industry, by virtues social and political, and by morality and religion. They are the sources of *power*. They are not a usable mass, like dough for the moulding-hand, clay for the plastic pattern. They are a people instinct with self-life. They have power over nature to subdue it to their uses. They have power over themselves, to coerce an education, and to control themselves, and to fashion their own public policy and Government. This is the peculiarity of the American body politic. It is not our wealth, it is not our simple political freedom, it is not our educated classes, and our stray public men—it is the strength that resides in our whole people that constitutes that difference between American society and European. Unless they are strong and sound, unless there is endless recreative life among the people, there is no hope for us. An educated class, a controlling class at the top, will never make a strong nation. If the base of the pyramid is clay, it is to but little purpose that you build the apex of precious stones. But if the foundation be adamantine, and all the basilar strata be granitic, then the top may bear up what polished stones you please, and *beauty* has *strength* under it for ever ! In all our ex-

ertions for the public weal, we must look out for the foundation. We must see to it that the Power lies among the masses. They are the soil. Mere great men are a very exhausting crop when they are separated from the mass, and suck up the influence that can be safe only when distributed among many, into a few hands. It becomes a matter of deep import to know the sources of power for the multitude.

1. It is not, simply, in giving them control of a vast political machinery. If a man-of-war had a thousand children for her crew, all her machinery and armament would not make *them* strong. They would be children still.

2. It is not in augmenting their comforts—in multiplying first, their wants and then the supply: and thus giving them physical conditions of wealth. It is not the material wealth that enriches, *but the capacity to produce wealth*. It is the *cause* of wealth that is true popular riches—industry, skill, intelligence and religious virtue.

3. That, then, which the workmen, agricultural and artisan, need for a perfect and perpetual power, is that they become *producers of ideas*. That they *think*, and are capable of thinking; that their machines, their products of every sort, be, not alone samples of what their hands have done, but of what their *heads* have done, and can do.

4. It is in vain to speak of any such equality as shall put an uneducated mechanic upon a level with a thoroughly educated professional man. They are *not* on a level. You might as well put a bar of pig-metal by the side of an exquisite piece of cutlery, or a load of bog-ore by the side of a steam-engine. You can put them *side by side*, but that does not make them equal, nor on the same level. If laboring men will be on a level with what are called influential classes, they must like them be *producers of ideas*.

5. For there is nothing in the fact of being educated and trained to a vocation that requires chiefly the exertion of thought, that gives any superiority to an educated class over a class of artisans, if those artisans have an equal power of producing and applying *thought* to the purposes of life.

God has made matter, and he has made mind to rule over it. Men can ally themselves to the one or the other element. Those who are in sympathy with mere brute labor must be inferior to those who are in sympathy with intelligence. But the road up is open to all. No man need be a bond-slave in Egypt. The sea has become divided. The promised land awaits. Whoever has courage to go forth and the patience to journey thither, may enter in and take possession.

6. It is not because I think that there is antagonism between the educated and the laboring classes that I say these things. There is none. I belong myself to what is called the literary class, or the intelligent class. I know its advantages. They are not exaggerated. It is the very place for a man to stand in if he wishes to enjoy life. And this is the very reason that I wish that every laboring man in the country could belong to this class. I do not speak in the language of an exclusive circle—nor of one who was willing, of gracious charity, to confer the prerogative of intelligence upon an inferior class. Intelligence is your birthright. I ask you not to despise it. I do not say come up to *us*; but I say come up to your own right. Come up

to that which God gave you, and which you cannot refuse without shame. In every laboring man are the buds of those blossoms and those fruits which hang from the bows of the strong and great. And I only ask you to let those buds blossom forth, for your own sake and for the sake of our country! Our land is rich in its citizens. If they are mean, it is poor; if they are noble, it is great. I hope to see the day when a man will require a collegiate education for the farm, for the foundry, for the shop, the ship, as much as for medicine or law. If a man's trade does not require such education, then all the more the *man* himself requires it. His trade will not educate him, and he must seek it elsewhere.

7. From considerations of this kind it is that I regard all such institutions as the Crystal Palace as worthy of earnest support by every good citizen. First, because they will powerfully stimulate, not industry, but the *intelligence* of industry. The Crystal Palace, as a *mechanic's exchange*, a place where they shall show such literature as men work out on an anvil, in letters of iron and brass. These vast treasures are all of them *thoughts*. Men did not go to sleep and dream of these things; awake they executed them. All this is hard thinking, and it is provocative of thought. Young workmen, young machinists, young artists, coming hither find themselves spoken to in their own language; they look, they ponder, they strive with thoughts of their own. The MIND is developed. It is the head that makes their hands strong. But, Secondly, I hope that such institutions as these will gradually associate in the popular mind the ideas of *honor*, of *greatness*, of *true glory*—not with the destructive deeds of war, nor with the pretentious patriotism of all-consuming politicians—the spiders of life, that spin webs, and continually obscure public windows with meshes of mischief—but with the arts of industry, with intelligence and virtue nobly applied for the elevation of society. In time, I do not despair of hearing it said—a noble carpenter—a genius of a blacksmith—an honorable hatter. War and public speculation shall always arrogate the terms which declare superiority; but intelligence and religion must pluck them from undeserving hands, and confer them on inventive labor. In conclusion, I cannot but perceive in the multiplied objects around me, the evidences of the connection of labor historically. If you select any of these most intricate and useful machines, you will find the whole world and all time epitomized in it. The successive inventions, the continuous discoveries of centuries are incorporated in single objects here. Before a ship could be built, some hundred trades must exist, and each sends down its glass, its nails, its copper, its plank, its various tools, its paint, its flexible fabric. Each trade is itself dependent upon others that precede and prepare for it. Each and all of these has had a growth; it has been a growth that came along in connection with the development of human society. One of these mute articles on exhibition is a historical memorial; it is a chronicler of the past. That plough, could it speak, and were it learned in its own pedigree, what history would it not reveal of its slow progress, from the day when the Oriental scratched the earth with a crooked stick and called it ploughing? These life-boats—what a change in human ideas, since those days when men crept as trespassers upon

the deep, and, easily wrecked, became the property of the inhospitable people on whose shores they fell, down through the commercial history of the earth, and its mighty regulations to morals, government and knowledge, to this day, when our sharp-prowed fleets taste the winds of every latitude, condense the earth by their speed, and when along our shores are spread, not bands to rob the wreck, but boats and contrivances to save him and his imperiled property! A loom would tell you more of human conditions, in the range of life where the heart has mostly lived, could you trace its history from the women weaving with pegs in the ground, down to our day, than you can find in any chronicler. These mills call up the two women grinding at the mill in Palestine, which mill was but two stones upon the ground, the one revolving a convex surface upon the other's concavity, and let them bear witness to the growth of thought since that day. In this crystal room (that itself could not have been built fifty years ago) there are the mute memorials of human thought since the world began. If one sat upon the prostrate columns of Persepolis, or mused along the gates of Thebes, or in the dry audience of mummies, he could not help saying to himself, "What were the thoughts and imaginations of the men that lived here four thousand years ago?" Here behold embodied some of their thoughts. These are the perfect sentences of which they invented the alphabetic letters. And from such a place may we not prophesy? If these are the records of the past, and time, like a yet young and growing tree, is lenthening her boughs and sending forth new growths, what shall that day be when art and intelligence shall stand in the full summer of the earth, bearing blossoms and fruit without pause, like orange groves in the tropics? If we have received from the past such treasures, and with a just usury are adding the interest to its capital, and rolling it over to the future, what shall that day be one hundred years hence, when our posterity shall stand in a more magnificent palace than this, and look back, as much farther advanced in art and science as we are beyond those who lived a hundred years ago? Who that has a prophet's eye can foretell what shall be when we, faithful to our trust, hand over that which we have received, improved and augmented, to the days that are coming?

To the many thousands of our readers who have either heard Mr. Beecher, or read his speeches, we need not say that this speech was the very crown of the dome which the previous speakers had so gloriously erected. Not only his words, but his great power of voice and earnest manner, always fascinate his hearers, and to-day eminently so.

We have never before seen an audience, even an audience of Henry Ward Beecher, more deeply interested than the crowd that surrounded him this day. We earnestly hope that every sentiment of this beautiful speech will be treasured up in the heads and hearts of every one of our readers. It was now a quarter past three, yet the crowd was still immense, and earnest

in their attention. True, a large number of those in the front part of the galleries had given way, but their places were filled with others who could not before get near enough to have a view of the various speakers. As to hearing all that was said, that was out of the question. But it was a satisfaction to see them, and feel that what they said was glorious.

The afternoon ceremonies concluded with a performance by the band, and an announcement by Mr. Barnum of the programme of the evening, which was received with plaudits of approbation. We little thought at that time that we should see another crowd like the one which occupied the building in the day time; but in this we were disappointed. We returned to the Palace a little before seven. At that time there was no lack of elbow-room. In less than an hour, however, standing upon the platform and looking north, south, east or west, on the lower floor or gallery, the eye fell upon one dense mass of human beings. The ladies were not so numerous as in the day, yet by no means scarce.

THE EVENING CEREMONIES.

MR. BARNUM arrived twenty minutes before eight, which was the signal for the commencement of the performances of the band, the finest portions of which were only heard by those who were fortunate to obtain seats or standing room in the neighborhood of the musicians; but the louder strains filled the monster dome to the echo, and gave delight to the many thousands congregated under that vast roof.

In consequence of an accident, Mr. BALDWIN, of Connecticut, was unable to attend. The following letter was read from him:

LETTER FROM AUSTIN BALDWIN.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., *Tuesday, May 2, 1854.*

DEAR SIR: I sincerely regret that my being obliged to give my personal attention to the repair of damages sustained by our works during the late freshet will prevent me having the pleasure of participating in the exercises of the reopening of the Crystal Palace.

I trust, however, that the omission of the part anticipated for me will create no inconvenience in completing the arrangements for the occasion, and that the important benefits to be derived from the permanent establishment of this great school of industry and art, may be made so apparent as to secure that measure of support necessary to insure its complete success.

Yours, very truly,

AUSTIN BALDWIN.

P. T. Barnum, President Crystal Palace Association.

Mr. BARNUM then introduced Mr. HENRY of the Mechanics' Institute of this City. He spoke with a loud, clear voice that could have been heard by all present if the uneasy portion of the audience could have been induced to keep still. Mr. HENRY said :

MR. HENRY'S SPEECH.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Standing here in some measure a representative of an interest which, if second to any, is second only to one in this City, I feel warranted in assuring you of the deep interest which is felt on the part of that important interest in behalf of this exhibition. We feel, Sir, that the mechanic is a man. [Hear, Hear !] We feel that he is endowed with the same powers and with the same faculties as other men ; and we feel here, in this free country, if he will make the right use of those powers and faculties with which his Creator endowed him ; he can stand up here and feel himself to be indeed what our institutions proclaim him, the equal of his fellow, however mighty that fellow may be. I say, Sir, the Mechanics' Institute of the City of New York looks with unbounded sympathy to the Crystal Palace now open before us. And what is the thought which fills the breasts, the strong hearts, the clear heads of that mighty association ? It is this, Sir, that the Crystal Palace may be so administered as to become the mighty point of rational amusement in this first City of the Western World. Rational amusement ! An attraction that shall call the people around this institution in such copious measures as to make it indeed a self-sustaining institution, Yes, sir ; from that basis of low admission which has been wisely fixed, I trust in God a concourse is to flow to this building which will make it indeed a self-sustaining institution, as a place of rational amusement ! And what more ? Why, the multitude—the vast multitude—are welcomed here to be gratified and not corrupted. Hither shall come the silent student in every department of art, and under these glorious naves shall receive ideas that will make him mightier, abler and better so long as he lives. This, Sir, will be, I trust, the issue of the re-inauguration of the Crystal Palace ; and, sir, if it is poetry, if there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends," it is also true that the same Divinity has given the administration of this mighty fabric to be intrusted to a man who is already well armed for the task, by the qualities which have procured for him the appellation by which he is generally recognized, "The Napoleon of Showmen." I say, if the crude material, committed to that gentleman's hands has been, in the short space of less than twenty years, so managed as to extract a magnificent fortune for himself without corrupting his fellow-citizens—if he has so administered the things heretofore given into his charge, and in a short period amassed a splendid fortune, what may not be reasonably expected when such a charge as this is intrusted to the same hands, to be administered for our amusement and instruction ? I felt, Sir, and every other man felt, when this gentleman was called on to preside, that there was still life and glory in the Crystal Palace ; that there is to be a resurrection, a higher power. I saw from the noble speeches, brief and to the point, made this afternoon, that the same thought pos-

sessed others. Make it, as I have said, self-sustaining as a place of rational amusement; and give to the student, the silent thinking man, the innumerable suggestions here conveyed to him; and, to use the words of the great Napoleon on another occasion, "You, too, shall be immortal." [Applause.]

MR. SULLIVAN'S SPEECH.

After he closed, Mr. SULLIVAN, a delegate from the House Painters, addressed the audience for a few minutes. This speech illustrated the advantages which the trades may derive by giving their united support to this greatest of all American Mechanics' Institutes.

Mr. SULLIVAN expressed his pleasure in appearing as one of the delegates from the United Trades of New York, who had cordially answered the invitation issued to them. He alluded to the beautiful products displayed in the Crystal Palace, and said, if the men of thought are the generals, the men of work are the soldiers. The Crystal Palace (he added) has another mission to perform, namely, to cultivate the public taste of the rising youth of this country; to teach them that they should not be ashamed of labor, but, by its means, elevate themselves. I assure the Directors, that the trades, by their presence, will sustain the exchequer. [Applause.]

Mr. HENRY'S speech was followed by a piece from the Band, loud and strong, and well suited to such a vast edifice. The crowd at this time—8 o'clock—had become so dense upon the lower floor, on the great stairways, and in the front of all the galleries, that it was a wonder how any more could find standing room, yet they still continued to come.

ELIHU BURRITT'S SPEECH.

Mr. BARNUM now introduced ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith of Massachusetts. Learned he is truly, yet the representatives of labor present seemed to look upon him with feelings of high, honorable pride, not because he is learned, but because he became so while working at the forge with the blacksmith's hammer and anvil. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—If there is one thing more than another that shall give this extraordinary occasion a memory, that shall live and glow in the hearts of coming ages, it is the idea which we this day inaugurate—the coronation of Labor. [Applause.] Glorious are the circumstances, and most auspicious and hopeful are the auguries of time and associations of place with which we have met on this May morning of the year, to throne that monarch, God, upon the mind of the age. The coronation of Labor! This, indeed, will be a great day, if we shall make a worthy crowning for the no-

blest and most honorable prerogative of humanity, with all these brilliant offerings and trophies of this world-wide realm of activities and industries—if we shall make a worthy crowning for this noble ovation of humanity. Worthy of the grandest circumstances which could be thrown around a human assembly, worthy of this occasion, and a hundred like this, is that beautiful idea, the coronation of Labor. It were worthy of the most august solemnity that the world has ever seen, and, for a thousand years, merely to christen that idea in the infancy of its conception. Aye, more; if I may say it without irreverence, this Crystal Palace were not too good for the manger-cradle of that god, and all the silent and sublime regalia of human art and industry which it contains, were not dignities too costly to put upon its baby brow. [Applause.] But, ladies and gentlemen, we have not come to the christening, but to the crowning of Labor—not to celebrate the advent of an idea, but to instal a fact—to sceptre a condition which, for more than four thousand years, has been deposed from its legitimate dignity; a condition which, with all the lineage and lineaments of its divine origin and lofty destiny, has had its Egyptian prison-house, its Red Sea of tribulation, its long and painful sojourn in the wasting wilderness of poverty and oppression; a condition that has had Cain-marks, and task-marks, and chattel-marks burnt deeply into its forehead by the red-hot branding-iron, prejudice; a condition which has been driven to the wall, to the galley, and the gutter; a condition that has worn upon its fretted sinews all the features of bondage; a condition that has gathered down by day for the couch of indolent wealth, and slept on straw by night; a condition that, clad in sheep and goat-skin and unseemly rags, has wrought

“With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,”

the robes of ermine, and costly tissues of the spindle and loom, to grace the palace of royalty, and the parlor of elegance and fashion. In short, ladies and gentlemen, it is that condition which the Great Architect of the Universe, after His six days' work of creation, called Labor, that we would now raise to that high place in the estimation of the world which He designed it should fill. Coronation of Labor! Not American labor, not British labor, not French labor, not the labor of the New World or of the Old, but the labor of mankind as one undivided brotherhood—labor as the oldest, the noblest prerogative of duty and humanity. It is this which is the distinguishing feature of this occasion, that gives a brotherly welcome to the sea-divided and diversified-tongued families of mankind an opportunity to fraternize with all other races and generations. It accepts with the homage of respect, and with the sympathy of life-relationship, all other primary ideas and ideals of art and industry which have been embodied and perpetuated in these magnificent specimens of mechanical science and artistic taste. We stand in the majestic presence of more than four thousand years of human ingenuity and invention. Every one of these implements, wrought of brass or iron, holds inwrought within its fabrication an unbroken lineage of improvements and conceptions,

reaching back across the flood at its widest expanse, and linking that implement with the forge of Tubal Cain. All of these glorious triumphs of art and workmanship, of nearly all the living nations of the earth, have each a long train of consecutive antecedents, reaching back to the day of that normal machination of the antediluvian world. The model of the largest ocean steamer that plows the billows of the sea, inherited its idea from that mighty vessel with which the patriarch of the post-diluvian world embarked with his single family upon the shoreless deluge, bearing with him the treasures of the first ideas of art and industry which had been developed from the time of Adam. Here, then, under this crystal dome, that over-arches, like a sky of glass, these noble works of mechanism, science, and artistic taste, we may say, with greater propriety than Napoleon said under the shadow of the pyramids, "Forty centuries are looking down upon us with their grand and solemn antiquity." [Applause.] All these noble, these glorious works, are the congregated result of the long line of ideas and activities of six thousand years. Mr. President, other countries have had their great international exhibitions of art and industry, which have commanded the admiration of the world; but the novel and bold aspirations of the Directors of this institution soar to a nobler height—the coronation of Industry. There is a moral grandeur in that very assumption, which seems to comprehend a patriotism that beats with all the pulses of the human race. I trust that every heart that responds to this idea, will generously share the responsibility which it involves. The coronation of Labor is the grandest word that a continent Republic could utter in this year of the world, in the meridian of its manhood. It grasps all the painful and progressive histories of humanity, and, standing on some Pisgah's height, proclaims a new Canaan, and unfolds its green fields of promise to the view. A coronation of Labor! Let not the lips of man or woman in this crystal temple, or in this broad land, repeat these words with levity. Let us not lower the dignity of this day, by unfurling to the myriad-handed industry of the world a deceitful and empty abstraction. The coronation of a single human brow does not consist merely in encircling it with the regalia of a king or queen. The diamonds that glitter in the diadem, are not the measure of the homage or duty involved in that act. The real crowning is in the devotion of loyal hearts, that shall be true, faithful, and unswerving in the fiercest trials. Nor is it a coronation of Labor, to build for it a palace, a crystal palace, surpassing in magnificence the royal habitations of oriental monarchs. It is not the crowning which we owe to Labor, to enrich its brow with brilliant jewelry of its own handicraft, nor to clothe it in the crimson robes of mock royalty, and bring it forth to the people once in a century. No: there are weighty and sober obligations devolving upon every person in this assembly, or out of it, who accepts the term by which this demonstration has been submitted. Gentlemen, are we in very deed inaugurating a reality, or merely playing with a brilliant but delusive abstraction? If it is a reality, it is the grandest to which any nation or race has ever attained. But is it a reality? Gentlemen, I fear not yet, notwithstanding all the brilliant circumstances with which we are surrounded. But shall it be a real-

ity? I think we may venture to answer "Yes" to that question. If we shall not succeed this day in making such a crowning for Labor as it deserves at our hands, let us pledge our personal efforts to make it heir-apparent and heir-positive to all the noblest possibilities of human life in this hemisphere. I will conclude with a sentiment in which I hope you will all agree, and it is this, that we are now inaugurating a new kind of Monroe doctrine; and we say to all the industrial myriads of mankind, that Labor, intelligent, thought-producing, thought-embodiment, thought-honoring and thought-honored Labor, shall be the only earthly potentate that shall ever be crowned on this continent. [Loud applause.]

Mr. BURRITT's speech was followed by a most beautiful chorus by the Harmonic Society, in which a sweet female voice rose above every obstacle, while the instrumental music filled the Palace to the remotest corner. It was Crystal Palace perfect harmony.

SPEECH OF LUTHER R. MARSH.

This was followed by a speech from LUTHER R. MARSH, of this City. Unfortunately for the many thousands who were near enough to hear this speech, there were many other thousands outside the charmed circle who could not hear themselves, and would not let others enjoy that pleasure, except to a very limited extent. Mr. MARSH spoke as follows:

The distinguished orator who has just preceded me, has reminded you that this was no proclamation that has called us together, but that we are assembled here for the Coronation of Labor. It is but just that labor—the ruler and sovereign of the world through its length and depth—should at last receive the circling diadem on its brow, and wear the insignia of its value on its breast. It was ordained by divine decree; and, although shorn of its honor, it exacts the fealty of man wherever he may be. It has penetrated every quarter of the globe, and given to each clime the products of all others—lifted mineral treasures from their beds, and brought them into life and existence. It has covered the land with a laudable ambition, recorded its own progress, and made the regions of science administer to the immeasurable wants of society. Shall we not, then, crown labor this day? made by its own hands, and filled by its own activity. [Applause.] Labor stands as the representative of wealth. It holds the scales in which all wealth is weighed, and if money cannot exchange itself for labor, it is worthless, and no man would be troubled with its weight. Labor! that has effected so much for man—that has led forth from darkness the grand inventions of all time—that constitutes the basis of wealth and represents its true value. Some there are, sir, who shrink from Physical labor, as unworthy of intellectual pursuits, forgetting that in its exercise is held up the glowing strength and sinew of its followers. Who can esteem the value labor has—the long, tedious nights when

fermenting thought will not keep still, and when repeated attempts to succeed lead to failure after failure—hope fainting by the way, and poverty brandishing his fist—till at last triumph lights up the features of despair and adds to the resources of man? Delegates from every country are coming to this great convention. Let us meet them with proper inducements. Let California send her towering cedar tree, her glittering gold or heavy strata of lead, her shining pebbles that mark the source of the Sacramento and Joachin. America, too, where steam first found the mechanism to assume her right, where the lightning first spread its power over the wires; let her, too, send to her brethren throughout the length and breadth of the land these mementoes of her own achievements. [Applause.] In the ingenious models around us we meet generous rivalry and fair contest side by side, and the ensign of peace which floats over them all, over this fair temple, lifts no battlements to reproach them with, but opens wide the gates of welcome and lets the world come in. After reviewing the various beautiful productions of other competing countries, Mr. Marsh concluded a very eloquent address amid much applause.

PARKE GODWIN'S SPEECH.

Mr. MARSH was followed by the beautiful piece of music, the grand Hallelujah Hymn, and that by an address from PARK GODWIN. He spoke as follows:

There is a class of philosophers who lament what is called the material character of this age and nation; and they ascribe the degeneracy to our practical devotion. They must be transcendentalist philosophers—men who have left the earth and soared to the moon—to whom we owe this sage opinion, for if they had not taken leave of the earth and their senses, how could they have reached their sublime conclusion? As for me, my purpose is to contend that they are wrong both in their premises and inferences. This is not a peculiarly material age; and the reason is, it is peculiarly the age of labor. It is true that our activity in respect to the physical well-being of man is unprecedented, that the bowels of the earth are tortured for every means of comfort and enjoyment, that popular cities and towns are all astir with trade, that every sea is vexed with the remorseless keels of commerce, and that every where we behold busy, driving multitudes intent upon thrift and gain. But it is because of this intense activity that the world is not more material but more intellectual, more moral, more spiritual than ever it was before. Yes, at no time in the history of our race has mankind been so elevated in its aims, so benevolent in its purposes and courses of action. It is a bad morality which maintains that general virtue can only spring from general indolence, general indigence and general ignorance, for these three illustrious generals have been companions from the first of time. They have walked the course of the world as Franconi drove his chariots, three abreast, and always leading in their rear, as the captives of their triumphs, general corruption and general misery. [Applause.] You see that on this peaceful occasion we cannot get wholly rid of warlike allusions. [Loud applause.]

But what I mean to say is that industry—work—a devotion to practical pursuits—is one of the quietest sources of health, individual and collective, and of wisdom, morality, order and religion. Labor is sometimes spoken of as a curse inflicted upon man, but it is one of those curses which conceals a blessing as the poison of flowers lies near the honey, or as the rude and dreary mine contains the precious ore. Can there be any better proof of this than the fact which bursts from every page of history, that the civilization of the nations of the earth has walked hand in hand with the development of their labor by means of the peaceful arts? that they have been elevated in the scale of all moral and social perfection just in the degree in which they have been devoted to their material well-being? Look around upon the existing nations, and tell me what rank they have attained as industrial nations, and I will tell you what is their rank in the ascending scale of civilization. Are they developing their agricultural resources—are they busy with manufactures—are they covering the sea with ships—are they cultivating sciences, improving their laws, advancing knowledge, educating the ignorant, caring for the poor, and working out all kinds of moral, social and religious meliorations? If they are travelling forward in this course they are on the high road to moral and social perfection, and happy will be their condition. But are they neglectful of the soil? Is there no hum of wheels that is heard in their factories? No rattle of carts in the streets of their cities—no whistle of steam along the roads—no tramp of paddles on the water? If so it be, their populations are then besotted and degraded, their nobles oppressors, and their rulers tyrants of the nations; name the degree of the industrial developments of a people and you name also the degree of their enlightenment, prosperity and peace. Now whether you take the industry itself, or its cause, or its effect, there stands the fact. The greatest nations, those that are most enlightened, are they that are noted for their great practical movements. The most abject and superstitious are those in which industry is not permitted to breathe. Industry is the exponent of their advancement. It marks the degree of their achievements in all that is noble, generous and magnificent. But why is industry this touchstone? Why does *it* measure the altitude of man? The answer is plain, because it is by industry that man emancipates himself from all the tyrannies of his natural condition, and places himself in a state of freedom for the exercise of his higher powers. It is industry which conquers the stubbornness of the globe, which shelters man from the persecuting cold and heat, which baffles the storms, which exercises human reason, which gives scope to human passions, which binds man to his brother—in a word, which removes far out of the way, every thing that obstructs the nobler impulses of his soul. The loftiest dictate of morals ever uttered was that “man should love his brother as himself,” and the only effective fulfilment of that command is to put your brother in possession of the means by which he can become “as yourself.” Industry, therefore, which develops and diffuses wealth, which puts sustenance and comfort within the reach of all—which gives to the lowest the opportunities of improvement which only the highest have otherwise ever been able to possess, is a noble and true charity. Not

he, who out of his superfluity, bestows a generous gift upon your destitution—not he who is ever prodigal of his distribution of goods to the poor, is the best and most benevolent man; but he who brings it within the power of the masses of society, by systematized labor, to secure to them the ends of their own existence, is deserving of the honorable title. It was a good saying of the old monks, *laborare est orare*—to labor is to pray; but it is a better view of labor that it is a most effective and universal instrument of charity. Let us, then, honor the occasions when there is made offering of our gratitude to skill; and in the midst of this glorious assemblage of all that the cunning brain has devised and the cunning hand erected and the innocent heart blessed; let us lift our homages to the genius of art. Let us say in the language of poetry:

Thou teachest man the useful skill,
Which lifts him from the vulgar clod,
Through every scale of greatness, till
He stands the image of his God.

Madame CHOME was now introduced to sing one of her beautiful songs. Mr. BARNUM desired the audience to maintain the most profound silence and then they would probably hear about one note in ten. That proved to be the case to nine of every ten persons present. It was estimated that the audience at this time (nine o'clock) was greater than at any other hour of the day. Ferdinand Meyer then sang "*Largo al Factotum*," from the Barber of Seville.

Both these songs elicited immense applause from that portion of the audience who were within hearing, and the last was so rapturously applauded that Mr. MEYER consented to repeat it.

THE REV. E. H. CHAPIN'S SPEECH.

The Rev. E. H. CHAPIN was now introduced and received with a storm of applause. He spoke in the following words:

It is hard for me to speak after the salvos of eloquence which here to-day have saluted the resurrection of this magnificent enterprise. You have heard whatever the strong mind can conceive, or the earnest tongue utter upon the subject. You have been presented with an Exhibition of the Industry of all *nations*. I fear, therefore, that I must necessarily repeat ideas, and even phrases; and so perform the thankless task of proffering you the cold fragments of a feast with which you are already full. But, when I say that you have heard about all that can be said relative to this occasion, I would imply that there is a great deal in regard to it that cannot be spoken. I presume that the most eloquent oration of the day has been a silent sentiment, sweeping the diaphragm of every heart; something inexpressible by logic, or rhetoric, or song. It is a sentiment that blends the feelings of grandeur, and beauty, and jubilant hope. So far as it is possible to define it by a single term, it may be considered as a profound sense of the *symbolical significance*

of this Crystal Palace. This has been a popular inauguration; and it is fitting that the people, represented by all classes, should come here; for, looking about them, they beheld an epitome of the people's destiny. This edifice, with all it contains, is a historical hieroglyph and prophecy. And I trust I shall not be considered as entering upon a fanciful and speculative disquisition, if I devote my remarks to the illustration of this point. I know that generalizations are apt to prove very crude and inexact when we transfer them from the objects of natural science to the field of human agency. But it is sufficiently correct for my purpose to say, that the history of mankind appears to be characterized by the unfolding of three great epochs, and the realization of three great ideals. In the first place, there is an epoch of comparative quietude. The early, Oriental age—the antique age in general, lying on the verge of history, a vast, slumbrous tract, preparing the seeds of events. Comparative quietude, I say—for there has been no period without movement. Movement is the inmost principle of the universe. There is motion in all things. In the monad and the star—in the mountain that stands like eternity—in this fresh, spring life now budding on the robe of nature, as she goes forth to fill *her* crystal palace with the contributions of Providence and the productions of the year. But, surely, there is a unity of costume, a monotony of action, that sufficiently distinguishes the period to which I refer. Its lymphatic polity is in vivid contrast to our sanguine and electric temperament—our locomotive life. For this it is that characterizes the second great epoch of history—the period in which we are placed. It is an epoch full of epochs. It is remarkable for its rapid vibrations; for its succession of vast changes. To go back no further than the Fifteenth Century, what a throng of great eras, proving that “fifty years of Europe” and America are “better than a cycle of Cathay!” That was a great era when truth found in the printing-press the gift of tongues, and roused the stagnant souls of men with volleys of thought. That was a great era when Columbus to the Old World unveiled a virgin bride, the mother of splendid and incalculable destinies. That was a great era when Bacon shattered Aristotle’s web and Agrippa’s mirror, and taught man to explore nature with the lamp of experiment and the talisman of fact. That was a great era, inaugurated by the Declaration of Independence, when, in the cradle of battle and the baptism of blood, “a nation was born in a day.” Eras! Why, every man, every woman, without hinting that she has reached any mysterious and unpronounceable age, every child, almost, has passed through them. You also have seen our own New-York grow from a provincial town to a vast metropolis, heaving in its heart with the pulsations of a world, and wearing its Crystal Palace like a diadem. You also have seen space cancelled by steam, and time beaten by the telegraph, and tissues of identity and nerves of electric sympathy stretched and woven around the globe. It’s an epoch full of epochs, marked by the greatness and rapidity of its changes. It is, therefore, evidently a transition epoch, leading to a third, the phases of which we can hardly conceive, which I may not linger to describe—but which we may believe will be a period of unity again—a period of quietude, not a stagnant quietude, but the serenity of full, deep life. A sunset epoch it may be, of unimaginable splendor, in which the ripe world shall, for

ulterior purposes, be plucked by the hand of God. And corresponding with these three epochs, though not strictly, I admit, there are three ideals for man to realize—the Beautiful, the True, and the Good. The realization of the first leads to the attainment of the second, and both are absorbed in and glorify the third. Now, is it not the fact that the most special inheritance which we get from the antique age, is the heritage of the Beautiful? I am speaking now of what comes by human development, not from Divine inspiration; of the natural constituents in history, not the great religious element. Is not the Beautiful the most *unsurpassable* of all that the old time has bequeathed us? That “beauty which is a joy for ever”—the beauty that was in its shrines and temples, its marble deities, and its fresh, immortal poetry? If the old Past should bring its products to this Exhibition, would it not challenge us the most successfully by this? But is not our epoch specially characterized by the knowledge and the application of Truth? Are not its great achievements in the field of science, and by science wedded to invention? Go into any factory, and see what fine workmen we have made of the great elements around us! See how Nature toils in shirt-sleeves—how diligently the iron fingers pick and sort, and the muscles of steel retain their faithful gripe, and enormous energies run to and fro with an obedient click; while forces that heave volcanoes, and tear the arteries of the earth, spin the fabrics of an infant’s robe, and weave the flowers in a lady’s brocade. The seeking and attainment of the same is the special characteristic of our period. Its activity is the activity of knowledge. Its new eras burst forth from new facts. But, around us, there are indications of something better than mere intellectual acquisition or material power. Indications of a time when these shall serve human and divine goodness. We see these instincts in movements of love and help. The exaltation of the laborer. That war now prevailing in Europe, I believe will be the last great diplomatic war. There may be other conflicts with nobler issues involved. In the geology of history there may be a few earthquake-bursts of freedom, scattering their feudal detritus, laying down a stratum of thrones and piling in crowns for fossils, shifting levels, and making God’s world really the people’s heritage. But I am not ashamed to say that I believe in “a good time coming.” I know that some may have a silly notion about this good time, and regard it as a sort of philanthropic jollification—a millennial Fourth-of-July. But in its essential significance I believe in it. It is the nineteenth century vernacular for the old prophetic idiom—“they shall beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.” It is the secular version of that Apocalyptic vision of which the Apostle tells us, “I John saw the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven.” And now for the symbolical significance of this Crystal Palace, to which I referred in the commencement. It appears to me that these epochs and ideals are epitomized and illustrated here. Permit me, in closing these ceremonies, to interpret this symbolism. In these works of art we have the representation of the Beautiful—old, yet ever new. In this splendid artillery of invention we discover the characteristics of the present.

harnessing science to utility, and throbbing with the energies of fact. While combining the glories of Art and Invention, taking them off in a sublimer conception, I think the ablest production of all is this edifice itself—the temple that sanctifies the gold ; fit emblem, is it not, of the wider, nobler good that belongs to the coming time, and that now encircles us in the vision of prophecy ? Have I been indulging in mere mysticism and fancy ? Or do you recognize the symbolical significance around you here ? Do you recognize the realities behind the symbols ? Addressing the symbols as therealities, I would say then : Oh ! genius of Art, fill us with the inspiration of still higher and more spiritual beauty. O ! instruments of Invention, enlarge our dominion over reality. Let iron and fire become as blood and muscle, and in this electric net-work let heart and brain inclose the world with truth and sympathy. And thou, O ! beautiful dome of light, suggestive of the brooding future, the future of human love and divine communion, expand and spread above the tribes of men a canopy broad as the earth and glorious as the upper heaven.

The splendid speech of Mr. CHAPIN closed the exercises of the evening, and gave the mass of people an opportunity to begin to move limbs which had been fixed in a cramped position for over two hours. Yet, notwithstanding all this tiresomeness, we venture to say that no great audience ever retired from a great feast with greater satisfaction than did the immense throng who visited the Crystal Palace this 4th day of May, 1854.

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The present number completes the Third Volume of our Monthly. In regard to what the work *has been*, thus far, our readers can judge as well as ourselves—nay, better. For the future we do not care to indulge too much in boastful promise; but we may briefly say that our intentions, plans, and expectations are of a comprehensive kind. We feel proud of the high position already reached by our Magazine in both hemispheres; we are gratified by the cordial good will and approval which it has called forth from the press and from intelligent and judicious readers in every State in the Union. This pleasant appreciation of our past brilliant success and our present honorable position stimulates us to the most energetic and effective measures for the future. Far from being contented with what we have already done, we intend that the future volumes shall be so eminently satisfactory to our 150,000 readers, that this already immense circle shall be largely extended. Not merely our own "whole boundless continent" calls for, and reads "Putnam's Monthly"—it is making its way wherever the English language is spoken.

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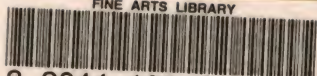
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